



SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

Can we deny that men are raised up for a purpose and their vision made clear and their lives lengthened amidst extraordinary vicissitudes? Must we not admit, no matter how our feelings may be disturbed by the petty things that surround us and the dull eyes which see so little save that which is sordid and personal, that

There's a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Arising from out the clamor of politics and taking a place in the hearts of the people and in the control of the nation, men sometimes occupy conspicuous places without a reason sufficient to satisfy even those who have been most active in placing them there. An inexplicable affection is born in the heart of the masses, so steadfast and gentle that mistakes are overlooked and sins forgiven, and thus, even when magnified by the frailty of the popular hero and intensified by the unscrupulous criticism of ambitious rivals, grave errors of judgment make no impression on those who usually are hard to satisfy and easy to make afraid. Words which would be of light weight if heard from the lips of others, are held to be pearls of wisdom as the people's hero defends his cause and outlines his policy. Every movement, every gesture is noticed, remembered and quoted. Other men apparently superior in ability, attainments and virtue, when placed in comparison are ridiculed, defeated or despised until it sometimes seems as if it were useless to oppose or endeavor to direct the enormous power which popular enthusiasm or inscrutable fate has placed in the hands of this leader of the people. Time in its progress, the moon in its changes, the sun in its seasons seem to evolve from the Uncontrollable those things which destroy others while they uplift and make more secure the chosen one, who sometimes seems to scarcely understand and seldom to direct the fortunes of the hour. Unless extraordinary foresight or an instinct akin to inspiration guides such men, we must become believers in blind luck, the fool's fatalism, the despair of those who fight against the Unseen.

Among such men that the gods seem to have made great, Sir John Macdonald is the most conspicuous example in the history of Canada. Unless we believe in the fatalism of the heathen or the God of the Christian, it would be difficult, if not impossible, to conceive of the depth, breadth and meaning of so singular a career. I shall not endeavor to add to the vast volume of so-called biography and hazy reminiscence which at the present moment is deluging the country. Of the birth, youth and early struggles of Sir John, every one has had an opportunity to inform himself. All those who have touched his hand or heard his voice have hastened to obscure the true meaning of his life by the repetition of stories and the recital of stale descriptions of trivial events. No man who feels an aptitude for public life or the stirring within him of genius, need fear the censoriousness of a public which forgave so many early mistakes and social errors. Even those things which in a trivial life ostracize men, are nothing but milestones in the history of that virility which leads captive mankind. We may wonder as we watch, we may suffer as we wait, but true courage, persistence and a man's belief in himself and his possibilities overcome all things. We are born, and whence cometh the mainpraying of our life we know not. The things which control us, the circumstances which evolve us, the fates which make us triumph we cannot understand; but the lives of all men who are, or have been, great makes plain the principle that the children of genius cannot for long be obscured by defeat. Nor hath it entered into the mind of man to mark at birth or proclaim at death the names of those who have been specially upraised.

Amidst changes for which many contended and against which thousands fought, during a reconstruction of constitutions, the confederation of provinces, the control of innumerable diverse interests Sir John held his place. While the chiefs of mighty factions fought and fell, while a new geography was planned, a new constitution created, while a revolution was begun and ended, while questions were discussed and feuds engendered this great man whose greatness was denied by his opponents and admitted without explicable reason by his friends, maintained his supremacy. Promises were made without regard to the possibility of fulfillment. Friends besought him, enemies besieged him, and yet smilingly in the midst of such conflicts the great old man jesting with his friends, jeered at his enemies, triumphed when other men would have been overwhelmed and became the idol of the people when men esteemed greater were offered in sacrifice.

It would be unbecoming in speaking of departing greatness to make any attempt to overlook or belittle those special qualities so seldom recognized as the central and controlling influence of a successful life. If skill as a rhetorician were to be the standard by which we judge statesmen, Edward Blake would long ago have superseded Sir John. If capacity for detail, rugged honesty of purpose, a contempt for those things by which ordinary politicians entrench themselves were recognized, Alexander Mackenzie even in his palsied age would be still premier. If being the son of a sect and the apostle of a creed were to make a man supreme, Sir John would have neither attained nor retained the confidence of the people. Then there seems to be something behind all these things, some

power to divine that which should be done and that which must happen. Associated with this phase of life, invariably it seems to me, is the happy knack of making friends, which until the tide turns and great things are to be accomplished is often the unfortunate tendency to make enemies. The man who knows what is to take place and is thoroughly convinced of what should and must come about, is impatient and often unpopular until he is intrusted with the management of affairs and can demonstrate the correctness of his theories. Accident or the design of Providence early placed Sir John in a position where he could prove his aptness as a leader of men and the director of affairs. Long continued success, an almost reckless disregard of the opinion of others, a buoyant cheerfulness, an unobtrusive egotism which only betrayed itself in his apparent faith that he was born to live and be supreme, characterized Sir John from the beginning and entered into that valorous fight for life which

to strengthen attack, improper motives first suggest themselves. I do not conceive it to be that empty charity which leads us to speak well of the dying or the dead, when we discover a grand and beautiful purpose, thoroughly Canadian and gloriously great, in the life which is just about to close. Cruel criticism has made the path to these grand aims a penitential progress, and yet there has never been a career without regard to personal comfort, luxury or self-indulgence which did not open itself to the attack of those who cannot conceive of either patriotism or grandeur of impulse in what can be misrepresented as corrupt selfishness or dishonorable ambition. As this great career, lasting through so many years, conspicuous amidst events which might have obliterated us from the list of nations or caused our absorption by voracious neighbors, grew to the highest point of its eminence, those who waited anxiously for it to close proclaimed that the popular appreciation and sup-

served or die unregretted. It is an undying evidence that Canadians are neither prepared to forget their past, nor to forego the future which is within their grasp.

The difficulty experienced by the people of mentally selecting a successor, is at once an evidence of the solitary supremacy of Sir John and the forgetfulness of one absorbed in a great task to do as Longfellow did, when as the aged annuarian of his class in college he wrote *Mortuari Salutamus*, "We who are about to die salute you." It may be that a last will and testament may be discovered giving the ideas of the dead Premier as to the disposal of the vast estate which he has so long administered. Even should there be no such voice from the past, we have the impulse of a great people and leaders who have been brought out by the events which marked our evolution from a group of colonies. Sir John Thompson is said to be sagacious, but is ab-

Last Sunday evening I had the pleasure of being one of the audience at the Auditorium presided over by the Rev. J. M. Wilkinson. It is not my favorite place of religious resort, but advertisements in the evening papers announced that the subject in the evening would be, "SATURDAY NIGHT and the Sunday Question." The repute of this place of theological amusement and the notoriety that the reverend adventurer Small has acquired as a pulpit performer, together with a certain personal interest in the subject announced, caused me to foregather with the others who sought to be entertained. Those who have followed the newspaper reports of the sayings and doings of this itinerant showman Small, must be aware that personal attack and vituperative injustice are his chief stock in trade, and therefore can appreciate my desire to hear how unworthy a person I was likely to be shown to be. I admit that I yielded to a personal curiosity rather than a religious impulse when I directed my steps to the place where one is expected to drop a fragment of silver into a box watched over by an eager-eyed individual, who endeavors to make it unpleasant for the one who deposits anything less than a quarter. I noticed, however, that the recorded opinion of those who had entered suggested five cents as quite sufficient payment for the speeches, songs and after-pieces.

As in other such places of entertainment of the cheap and irregular sort, the audience had to listen to a fluent description of future attractions in the shape of lady artists of the theological variety, and unusual features by unusual people. We were told how to get in and get out, how cool and healthy the building was as a place to spend the evening. The manager explained that his attractions were positively not always quite up to the mark; that an orchestra, even when composed of or assisted by a fiddle, could not be despised; that he personally was willing to stand on his head or do anything else within his power to attract the unchurched masses. After this odd prelude we sang Rock of Ages, that sweet and soothing old hymn; then a more modern air which a very gentle-voiced little lady led, heard a prayer delivered in which the most minute instructions were given to the Almighty how to act for the coming week, and then we sang Jesus Lover of my Soul—inimitable in its pathetic appeal and soaring faith; heard some more business announcements as to who was to occupy the chief place on coming dates, and finally the opening medley closed with the price of tickets for the grand stand during the coming season. I confess to a feeling of something akin to horror at this association of business enterprise and spiritual guidance. However, it is all a matter of habit and indirectly a feature of the Sunday night entertainments afforded by such shrewd managers as Bro. Wilkinson whose attractions, consisting of hypnotic lecturers, Scottish singers, Stanley, Small and other stars, have rivalled during the past season those of O. B. Sheppard and the proprietors of the Cyclorama and the Musee. Unless the receipts of the various houses are published as the street car returns have been, we cannot give more than a general guess as to comparative success.

After the preliminaries, occupying three quarters of an hour, the Rev. Sam Small, D.D., a gentleman whose titles both fore and aft are more or less disputed, was introduced. As a successful caterer for Sunday amusement Mr. Small occupies a deservedly high place. Incidentally, and with an unction which few can comprehend who have not a thorough acquaintance with the art, Mr. Small is a revivalist, and since Sam Jones went into politics is probably at the head of his profession as a Sunday concert hall star. It might be unkind to suggest that financially he is supposed to be making as fine a salary as there is to be found in his profession, nor should we grudge him a fee for what is generally supposed to be a good work, no greater than that earned by others whose variety business is not superior and is more or less connected with the sale of beer. Under such circumstances it is proper to accord the palm to the man who follows the higher walk of his profession and is consequently able to incidentally do some good.

In his introduction Mr. Small admitted that the Sunday question is becoming an imminent problem in the United States. He did not tell us why, except that it is a moral question and must be decided as such. Moral questions, he urged, admit of no compromise. Whisky being wrong, it must be banished; the observance of the Sabbath being right, it must be made complete. His text he took from the second chapter of Mark, 27th and 28th verses: "And He said unto them, the Sabbath was made for man and not man for the Sabbath, therefore the Son of Man is Lord also of the Sabbath." "Man was created before the Sabbath, consequently he was not created for the Sabbath, but the Sabbath was created for him." This was the first exclamatory effort of Mr. Small. He followed this by stating that our Sabbath was not the Jewish Sabbath. Logically I am unaware of the existence of any but the Jewish Sabbath which is Saturday, not Sunday. The Lord's day, which is Sunday, was initiated by our Saviour, and its observance, as far as I am informed, was not imperative except that His people were told "not to forsake the assembling of themselves together on the first day of the week," and in another instance "that when they were assembled together to break bread (the commemoration of the Lord's Supper)



Right Honorable Sir John A. Macdonald.

betokened the departure from earth of a spirit such as is not usually confined by so feeble a tenement of clay.

The central feature of his life and policy was his Canadianism. I presume that there has been no observant man who has not thought out or contended for some different course, some more radical method than was pursued by Sir John. Yet after the lapse of so many years it is more or less evident that the imperialism of the Premier's idea, the compromises that seemed un-Canadian, the adoption of methods which had been used without a grand and glorious purpose would have been almost indefensible, were absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of a purpose, were a part of the plan of a mind illumined by genius and directed by the sacred fire of patriotism.

Sir John was a self-contained man. He was half fellow with everybody; he seemed to lean upon many, counselled with a select few, but after all he stood absolutely alone. Who can fail to sympathize with the loneliness of a life throughout which it was impossible to confide in any man or at any moment to open his heart to the gaze of the multitude, lest a sinister meaning be discovered as the shadow of his worthiest impulse? When we sit together and endeavor to find a good meaning, it is not hard to discover a patriotic purpose, while to those in opposition and anxious

port which Sir John had received marked a lamentable degeneracy of public appreciation the decay of honor and a putridity of political morals so astounding as to be indescribable.

Now, a nation of mourners, as we mentally pass the casket in which the dead Premier lies, as we stand and whisper about the doors through which the departed one shall pass, as we observe the corridors of our political structure draped in mourning, as the flags fly at half mast and the bells toll, it is as easy for us to forget the trivial blemishes in a great life as to hush in our ears the sound of the petulant words and to hide from our eyes the frown of a loved one personally dear. It is said that womankind mourn most and weep longest for those who die. Sir John has somehow become a part of every household, and women who had by no means been taught to revere him have everywhere contributed by their tears to the gentle rain of sorrow, which seldom in the history of the world has moistened the unbecomingly earth about a grave. Men busy, apparently unfeeling, rough of speech and often careless of the feelings of others, spoke gently when asking "What news of Sir John?" and went upon their way sorrowful when told that he was dying. Such a general tribute, such a genuine recognition of patriotism, such a downfall of tears make memorable the departure of one whose death will be a national calamity. It is a proof that a true Canadian shall not live unob-

jected to because of his creed. Sir Charles Tupper is the choice of those who because they anticipate trouble want a fighting man. Mr. Abbott is suggested by those who want a compromise. The proposals, the names and the thoughts they suggest are features of our history. To enter into their merits would be to describe the conditions under which we live; to predict the name or describe the character of anyone who can permanently succeed Sir John would be to outline something akin to a revolution, or to define a series of further compromises that the enemies of liberty have not yet defined and which true patriots have hardly admitted as a dread possibility. The result we need not dread. The world is too old to be again wrapped in the swaddling clothes of superstition. Canada has outlived her infantile weakness. It is not now the question of a skillful nurse or a proper tutor, but of commercial and industrial astuteness such as befits an adult. That D'Alton McCarthy will have a share in shaping our future and have a place in all honorable and workable alliances which are to be made, seems certain. He who can forsake temporal profit in the pursuit of that which is right and consequently must be permanent, deserves to succeed, and the element which looks to him as its exponent being the one which is strongest and is, it seems to me, best, we need not fear that it shall have its proper recognition and influence in directing the counsels of Canada.

The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Fitz," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM THE WARM WIND KISS TO THE COLD.
Gerard traveled as fast as trains and boat would take him, but it was noon on the second day after he had left Florence before he arrived at the nearest station to Lowcombe, with the prospect of half an hour's drive behind an indifferent horse before he could reach the Rectory and know the worst. He was alone. He had sent his valet to Hillierdon House, and had resolutely refused Jermyn's company, although Jermyn had urged that he was hardly in a state of health to risk a solitary journey, or the consequences of further ill news.

"If there is anything worse to be told, you could not help me to bear the blow," Gerard answered, gloomily. "Nor would she care to see you with me. You were no favorite of hers, and perhaps if it had not been for you I should never have left her."

They had searched all the morning papers they could obtain during the journey from Dover to Charing Cross, to discover any paragraph that might record the calamity at Lowcombe—for any report of the inquest on the infant, or the rescue of the mother. It was at least some relief to find no such record. Whatever had happened, the report had, by happy chance or kindly influence, been kept out of the papers. Hester's name and Hester's woe were not bandied about in a social leader, or even made the subject of a paragraph.

Gerard reached Lowcombe, therefore, in absolute ignorance of anything that might have happened since Mr. Mulder's letter was written. He drove straight to the Rectory, where garden and shrubberies looked dull and dreary under a gray, sunless sky. It seemed as if he had left summer on the other side of the Alps—as if he had come into a land where there was no summer, only a neutral dulness, which meant gloom and smoke in London, and a gray monotone in the country.

His heart grew cold at sight of the windows. The blinds were all down. The house was either uninhabited, or inhabited by death.

He rang violently and rang again, but had to wait nearly five minutes, and then a woman in a dress of black and white opened the door, her countenance only just composing itself after the broad grin that had greeted the baker's last call. The baker's cart rattled away from the back door while the housemaid stood at the front door answering her master's eager questions.

"Where is your mistress? She—she is not here!"

He could not utter the word that would have given shape to his fear. Happily the girl was sympathetic, although frivolous-minded as to bakers and butcher-boys. She did not keep him in agony.

"She is not any worse, sir. She's very bad, but not worse."

"Can I see her at once—would it do her any harm to see me?" he asked, going towards the staircase.

"She's not here, sir. She's at the rectory. Mr. Gilstone had her taken there after she was saved from drowning by those two London gentlemen. She was taken to the Rectory and Crown, as that was the nearest house to the river; the two gentlemen carried her there, quite unconscious, and they had her work brought round. And they sent her here for the two nurses, and they kept her there, at the Rectory, till next morning; and then the rectory had her taken home to his own house, and his sister is helping to nurse her."

"They are good souls," cried Gerard, "true Christians. What shall we do in our troubles when there are no more than a few kind words from the man whose sympathy he had repulsed."

"Is your mistress dangerously ill?" he asked.

"She has been in great danger, sir; and I don't think she's out of danger yet. I was at the rectory last night to inquire and one of the nurses told me it was a very critical case. But she's well nursed and well cared for, sir. You can make yourself happy about that."

"Happy! I can never know happiness again!"

"Oh, yes, but you will, sir, when Mrs. Hanley gets well. I make no doubt they'll pull her through."

"And her baby?"

"Oh, the poor little thing! He was such a weakly little mite—I'm sure he's better off in Heaven, if his poor mother could only think so, when she comes round and has to be told about it."

"There was an inquest, wasn't there?"

"Well, yes, sir, there was an inquest at the Rectory and Crown, but it wasn't much of an inquest. Mr. J. J. Med, in a comforting tone, the baker told me the coroner and the other gentlemen weren't in the room above ten minutes. 'Death by misadventure,' that was the verdict. Everybody was so sorry for the poor young lady. And it was a misadventure, for if the night nurse hadn't left the door unfastened, and fallen asleep in her easy chair, nothing need have gone wrong. It was all along of her carelessness. My poor young mistress got up and put on her morning gown and slippers, and took the poor little baby out of his bassinette, and went downstairs and out of the drawing-room window, and she may have gone across the lawn down to the towing path, and wandered and wandered for nearly two miles before she threw herself in just by the little creek where she and you used to be so fond of sitting in the punt, where we used to send your lunch out to you."

"Yes, yes, I know. It was there, was it?"

The thought of the happy hours that had spent there, hours of blissful tranquillity, steeped in the summer warmth, the golden light, sweet odors of field flowers, soothing ripple of water and rustle of willow branches. What happy hours of delight in all that is most exquisite in literature, Milton, Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti, in that music of words which is second only to the music of sweet concord and divine harmonies. Oh, happy hours, happy days, bliss which he had dreamed might last out all his life, and lengthen life by its reposeful sweetness. And now he had to think of his dear love, the fair Egeria of those happy hours, wandering hapless and distraught along that river bank, choosing in some dim fancy of the dreaming mind that spot above all the other spots in which to seek death and oblivion.

"Tell me how it all happened," he said to the girl.

"Mr. Davenport's death—was it very sudden?"

"Dreadfully sudden, sir. It was the shock of her father's death which made my mistress so bad. She was very down-hearted after you went abroad. We could all see that, though none of us ever see her cry. She was too much the lady to give way before servants; but we could tell by her face in the morning that she'd been lying awake half the night, and that she'd been crying a good deal. And then she'd pull herself together, as you may say, and be bright and cheerful with the old gentleman, and sit with him, and talk to him, and walk beside his chair, and give all her thoughts and all her time to making him as happy as he could be made. And it wasn't easy work, for after you was gone he took a sort of restless fit, and he was always asking about you the nurse said, in his queer way, and he seemed uneasy at not seeing you. And he used to talk to poor Mrs. Hanley in a disagreeable way, and he was quite nasty to her, his man told me, and was always blaming her, as if she hadn't done her very best for him. He was very cruel to her, I think; but I suppose it must have been because he was worse in him-

self. And one day he was particularly unkind, and she left him in tears, and went out into the garden and sat there alone by the river, and didn't go to her father's room to sit with him while he took his lunch, as she almost always did, and his man found her sitting in the garden very low-spirited, when he went to tell her that he and the nurse were going to dinner. Missus always used to sit with the old gentleman while those two had their dinner. And she went up to his room and found him lying quietly on the sofa, and she sat there over an hour, for those two used to take their time over their dinner, no doubt thinking he was asleep all the time, and then, just as the nurse was going upstairs, we all heard a dreadful shriek and a fall, and we found her lying insensible on the floor near the sofa, where her father lay dead. She lay dead, to him, and spoken to him, and touched him, and found him dead."

There was a pause, a silence broken only by Gerard's hoarse sobs, as he sat at the table where he had planned his new novel, in the happy morning of his love, and with his head bent low upon his folded arms.

"She was very bad all that day and night, and Dr. Mivor telegraphed for another nurse, for he said we was in for a bad business. She was quite light-headed, poor young lady, and it was heart-breaking to hear her asking for you, and why you didn't go to her, and talking about her father, and begging him to forgive her, as if she had any need of forgiveness, when she'd devoted herself to making him comfortable and happy from the first hour he was taken. And three days after his death the poor little baby was born, and she was quite out of her mind all the time and didn't seem to care about the baby, though he was a dear pretty little thing—but I don't think he'd have lived long, even with the best care. A week after he was born the fever went down a bit, and she seemed to be coming more to herself, but she was still change in her, and she left off talking wildly, and she seemed to understand that her father was dead and that she was far away; and everybody thought she was better. I suppose this made the night-nurse a little less watchful. Both nurses had been very careful of her while she was so bad with the fever, but they began to take things a little easier, and to drop asleep in the easy chair. They'd both had a hard time of it for the first week. And I think that's about all I can tell you, sir, except that Mr. Davenport was buried in Lowcombe churchyard nearly a fortnight ago."

"Thank you for telling me so much. You are a good girl."

"Shall I get you a bit of lunch, sir? You are looking so tired and ill."

"No, thank you, Mary. I shall eat nothing till I get to the rectory. Good day. Take care of the house and keep everything in good order till your mistress and I come back. By the way, who has been supplying you with money since your mistress fell ill? Have you had any difficulty in providing for expenses?"

"No, sir, the cook knew where the mistress kept her money, and she made her go to unlock the drawer and take out what was wanted. There was a fifty-pound note and some sovereigns in the drawer. There has been plenty to pay the nurses and gardeners and to provide any ready money that was wanted. Cook has kept a strict account of everything. The undertaker has not been paid yet, but the doctor, but they know their money's safe."

The fly was waiting, and it took Gerard to the rectory with very little loss of time, yet to his agonized mind the distance seemed long, the horse slower than such hirelings usually are. Fate had used him the best and the most of his own life—and the thought of the child that was to be born to him had awakened no tender feeling, only an aching envy of that young fresh life in which doubtless his qualities and characteristics would live again under happier conditions, the life which would be casting all the sweetest things that this world can give of love, ambition, pride, luxury, the mastery of men—while he was lying cold and dumb, cheated by inexorable death out of the fortune which a wondrous chance had flung into his lap. Fate had given with one hand and had taken away with the other. No, he had never felt as an expectant father should feel. The thought of his duty to the child had never urged him to repair the wrong he had done the mother—but now that death had snatched the pale flower of unsanctified love, remorse weighed on his heart, and he was generous and eager to legalize his union as the most conforming Christian in the land. He looked back upon the happy days of their love, and knew that when he was happiest Hester's life had been under the shadow of an ever-present regret, knew that while she was generous and devoted he had been selfish and false, soothing her conscience with sophistries and vague promises to which she was too delicate ever to refer.

Yes, he had used her ill, the woman who loved him and killed her might be; or had killed her mind for ever, leaving her to go down to old age through the long joyless years, a mindless wreck; she who was once so beautiful and so happy, a lovely ethereal creature in whom mind and heart were paramount over clay.

The rectory received him coldly, and with a countenance to which unaccustomed sternness gave an expression of severity. When a benevolent man is angry his anger has a deeper seat and a more appalling aspect than the ready displeasure of less kindly spirits. For Mr. Gilstone to be angry meant a complete upheaval of a nature that was made up of sympathy and compassion. But here for once was a man with whom he could not sympathize, for whom his only feeling was detestation.

"Is she recovering? May I see her?" asked Gerard, on the very threshold of the rectory's study, chilled by that repelling countenance, yet too full of the thought of Hester to delay his questioning.

"She is a shade better this morning," the rectory answered coldly, "but she is far too ill for you to see her—at any rate until the doctor thinks it safe—and when you are allowed to see her it is doubtful whether you will recognize her. She is in a world of her own, poor soul, a world of shadows."

"Is her mind quite gone?" faltered Gerard.

"Does the doctor say so?"

"The doctor fears more for her life than for her mind. If she live the mind will recover its balance as strength returns. That is his opinion and mine. I have seen such cases before—and the result has generally been happy; but in those cases we had to deal with a ruder clay. All that is loftiest in this girl's nature will tell against her recovery. There is a heavy account against her here, Mr. Hanley."

"I know, know," cried Gerard, with his face turned from the rectory, as he stood looking out of the window, across the beds of tulips, towards the churchyard, seeing nothing which his eyes looked at, only turning his face away lest anyone should see him in his agony.

"A heavy account; you have brought dis-

honor upon a woman whose every instinct makes for virtue, and you have broken her heart by your desertion."

"I did not desert her."

"Not as the world reckons desertion perhaps. You left her a house and servants and a bundle of bank notes; but you left her just when she had the most need of affection and sympathy—left her to face an ordeal which might mean death—left her under conditions which no man with a heart could have ignored."

"I was wrong—selfish—cruel. Say the worst you can of me. Lash me with bitter words. I acknowledge my iniquity. I was only just recovered from a dangerous illness."

"Through which she nursed you. I have heard of her devotion."

"Through which she nursed me. I was not ungrateful—but I was wretched, borne down by the knowledge that I had only a short time to live. Ah, rectory, you in your green old age, sturdy, vigorous, with strength to enjoy the fullness of life even now when your hair is silver, you can hardly realize what a young man feels who has most unexpectedly inherited a vast fortune, and who while the delight of possession is still fresh and wonderful, is told that his days are narrowed to a few precarious years—that if he is to last out even that short span he must watch himself with jealous care, husband his emotions lest the joys of youth should waste the oil in the lamp. This was what I was told. Be happy, be calm, be tranquil, said my physician; in other words, be self-indulgent, care for nothing and no one but self. And I felt that yonder house was killing me. The shadow of that old man's decaying age darkened my fading youth. If she would have gone with me to the youth there would have been no break in our union—at least I think not—though there was another claim."

"She refused to leave her father, I understand?"

"Yes. She preferred him to me. It was her own choice."

"Well, there are excuses for you, perhaps; and the result of your conduct has been so fatal that you need no sermon from me. If you have a heart, the rest of your life must be darkened by remorse. Your child's death lies at your door."

"Does she remember that dreadful night—does she grieve for the child?" asked Gerard.

"Happily not. I have told you she is living in a world of shadows."

"Let me see her," pleaded Gerard. "You don't know how fondly she loves me—how dear we have been to each other. Her mind will awaken at the sound of my voice."

"Awaken to the memory of all that she has suffered. Would that be an advantage? Mr. Mivor must be the judge as to whether she ought to see you. If he says 'Yes'—"

"When will he be here?"

"Not till the evening."

"Then I'll go to his house, and bring him here if necessary. Mr. Gilstone," said Gerard, stopping on the threshold, as the rectory followed him to the hall, "you are a good man. However hardly you may think of me, nothing will ever lessen my gratitude to you—and in the short time I may yet have to live I hope to prove that my gratitude means something more than a word."

The rectory gave him his hand in silence, and Gerard got into the fly and was driven to Mr. Mivor's comfortable cottage, a low, white-washed building with a thatched roof, at the end of the straggling village street.

Mr. Mivor was surprised to see him, but suppressed all expression of astonishment.

"I should have telegraphed to you more than a fortnight ago if I had known where to find you," he said. "I am glad you have come. Mr. Hanley is a shade better today, but only a shade. We must be thankful for the least improvement, and we must try not to lose ground again."

"She has been dangerously ill, I am told?"

"Dangerously! Yes, I should think so. She has been on the brink of death, not once, but several times since the birth of her child—and since the fever took a bad turn—the night she tried to make away with herself—her condition has been all but hopeless, until yesterday, when she began to show signs of rallying."

"May I see her?"

"I don't think it could do her any harm. She won't know you."

"Yes, she will! She will know me. She may not recognize people who are almost strangers to her, but surely she will know me."

"Poor lady! She hardly knows herself. Ask her who she is, and she will tell you a strange story. All we can hope is that with returning strength mind and memory will return. I will go to the rectory with you, and if I find her as quiet as she was this morning you shall see her."

At the rectory ten minutes later, and this time Mr. Gilstone received Gerard with kindness. He had given speech to his indignation, and now all that was kindly in his nature pleaded with him for the repentant sinner. He received Gerard in his study, while the doctor went upstairs to see his patient.

"I have never seen you since I took upon myself to have Mrs. Hanley brought to this house, rather than to her own," he said.

"I had no need to ask. It was easy for me to understand your kindly motive. You would not let her re-enter a house in which she had been so long, and which she would surround with fresh objects, in a house where nothing would remind her of her past sufferings."

"That was one motive. The other was to place her under the care of my sister. However devoted hired nurses may be, and I have nothing to say against the woman who is now nursing Mrs. Hanley, it is well that there should be some one near who is not a hireling, who works for love, and love only. My sister's heart has gone out to this poor lady."

Mr. Mivor appeared at the study door, which had stood open while Gerard waited, his ear strained to catch every sound in the quiet, orderly house, where all the machinery of life went on with a calm regularity that knew no change but the changing seasons. The silence of the house oppressed Gerard as he went upstairs, filled with an aching fear. Was he to find her cold and unconscious of his presence—the girl who had clung about him with despairing love when they parted less than a month ago?

A door was softly opened, a woman in white cap and apron looked at him gravely, and drew aside. It was the nurse who had waited upon old Nicholas Davenport, and even in this moment the association made him shudder. And then, scarce conscious of his own movements, he was standing in a sunlit room where a young woman in a white morning gown, and with hollow cheeks and soft, fair hair cropped close to the well-shaped head, was sitting at a table playing with the flowers that were strewn about her.

"Hester, Hester, my darling, I have come back to you," he cried, in a heart-broken voice, and then he fell on his knees beside her chair, and tried to put his arms about her, to draw the fair face down towards his quivering lips, but she shrank away from him with a scared look. In spite of the doctor's warning he was utterly unprepared for this. He had hugged himself with the thought that had her mind wandered ever so far away, as far as east from west, or heaven from earth, she would know him, to him she would be unchanged. The one beloved personality could stand out clear and firm amidst the chaos of a mind unstringed. Much as he had prated of molecular action, and nerve messages, and all the machinery of materialism, he had expected here to find spirit working independently of matter and love dominant over the laws of physiology.

The exquisite blue eyes—violet, dark, dilated by madness, looked at him, looked him through and through, and knew him not. She shrank from him with repulsion, gathered up the scattered flowers hastily in the folds of her loose muslin gown, and moved away from the table.

"I'm going to plant these in the front gar-

"WORTH A GUINEA A BOX"



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THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY

den, nurse," she said. "I want to get them planted before father comes from the library. It'll be a surprise for him, poor dear. He was grumbling about the dust this morning, and saying how it spoils everything, and he'll be pleased to see the garden full of tulips and hyacinths. This sort will grow without roots—they grow best without roots, don't they?"

She looked down at the flowers, a little dubiously, as if not quite clear upon this point, and then with a sudden vehemence ran to the fireplace, where a small fire was burning behind a high old-fashioned brass fender, and flung the tulips and hyacinths into the fender.

"Oh, Mrs. Hanley, that's very naughty of you," cried the nurse, as if she had been reproving a child, "to throw away the lovely flowers that the rectory brought you this morning. Why did you do that, now?"

"I don't want them. They won't grow. It's the day for my music lesson, and I have to practice. How cross Herr Schuster will be!"

There was a little cottage piano in a recess by the fireplace—a little old piano on which Miss Gilstone had practiced her scales forty years before. Hester ran to the piano, seated herself hastily, and began to play one of Chopin's nocturnes—a piece so familiar in her girlhood that even in distraction some memory of the notes remained, and she played correctly and with feeling to the end of the first movement, when suddenly, at a loss for the notes, she burst into tears and left the piano.

"It is gone," she said. "Why can't I remember!"

In all these varying moods and rapid movements about the room there had not been one look or one gesture which indicated the faintest consciousness of Gerard's presence. Those large, luminous eyes looked at him and saw him not, or saw him only as a stranger whose image evoked not one ray of interest.

The nurse dried her tears and soothed her after that burst of grief at the piano, and a few minutes later she stood at the open window tranquillized and smiling, watching for someone with an air of glad expectancy.

"How late he is," she said, "and I've got such a nice little dinner for him. I'm afraid it will be spoiled by waiting. It's the day the new magazines are given out. He is always late that day. I ought to have remembered."

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IN THE BELLEL MOUNTAINS

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OPEN FROM MAY 15 TO OCTOBER 1

B. F. CAMPBELL, Managing Director.

She turned quietly from the window and looked about the room.

"What has become of my sewing machine?" she asked. "Have you taken it away?" to the nurse; "Or you!" to Gerard. "Pray bring it!"



Don't Stir

until you thoroughly understand that, when you have any purchases to make in our line, we make it worth your while to call upon us. Purchasers have a right to regulate their own expenditures, and they have an equal right to pay exorbitant prices, but we don't believe in fancy figures, and we do believe in giving a full dollar's worth for a dollar.

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What "THE TIMES" of Ceylon

SAYS OF THIS COMPANY, MAY 4, 1900.

"We are asked by a correspondent, 'Which Company, for the sale of Ceylon Tea at home, does the largest business?' and we really do not think that anybody can answer this question. In all probability, the Ceylon Tea Growers, Limited (Khangani Brand), sell more Tea than most, seeing that they have no less than 1,000 Agents in Great Britain alone, and in the course of twelve months, must sell a very large quantity of Tea."

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WILL RELIEVE SICK HEADACHE IN 20 MINUTES

back directly, or I shall be behindhand with my work."

Her thoughts were all in the past, the days before she had entered into the tragedy of life, while yet existence was calm and passionless, and meant only patience and duty. How strange it seemed to find her memory dwelling upon that dull life of drudgery and care, while the season of joy and love was forgotten.

"Is she often as restless as this?" he asked, with an agonized look at the doctor, who stood by the window, calmly watching of his patient.

"Restless, do you call her? You would know what restlessness means if you had seen her three days ago, when the delirium was at its height, and one delusion followed another at lightning pace in that poor little head, and when it was all her two nurses could do to keep her from doing herself harm. She has improved wonderfully since then, and I am a great deal more hopeful about her."

"Have you had no second opinion? Surely in such a case as this a specialist should have been consulted?"

"We have had Dr. Campbell, the famous mad-doctor, whose opinion of the case responds with my own. There is very little to be done. Watchfulness and good nursing are all that we have to look to—and nature, the great healer. I was right, you see. I told you she would not know you, and that seeing you could do her neither good nor harm."

"Yes, you were right. I am nothing to her—no more than if I had been a century dead—no more than any of the dead who are lying under those crumbling old tombstones over there."

He glanced towards the churchyard where the April sun was shining upon gray granite and golden lichen, the dark foliage of antique yews and the downy tufts upon the willows. He was standing side by side with the woman who had loved him better than her life, and she took no heed of him. He tried to take her hand, but she moved away from him, looking at him in shy surprise and with some touch of apprehension or dislike.

"Hester," he exclaimed, piteously, "don't you know me?"

"Are you another doctor?" she asked.

"There have been so many doctors—so many nurses—and yet I am quite well. They have cut off my hair, and they treat me as if I were a child—but there is nothing the matter with me. I don't want any more doctors."

"You see how she is," said Mr. Mivor. "I think you had better come away at once. Your presence excites her, although she does not know you. Nothing can be done for her that is not being done in this house. Miss Gilstone has been all kindness. She has given up her sitting-room and bed-room to your wife because they are the prettiest in the house."

"She is an angel of goodness and charity," said Gerard.

"And heaven knows how I can ever repay her."

"She is a Christian," said Mr. Mivor. "and she won't look to you for any reward. It is as natural for her to do good as it is for the flowers to bloom when their season comes."

Gerard followed the doctor out of the room, his looks lingering to the last upon the sweet, pale face by the window, but the face gave no token of returning memory. The doctor was right, no doubt. Messages of some kind were being carried swiftly enough along the nerve-fibres to their nerve corpuscles, but no message told of Gerard Hillersdon's existence, or of last year's love-story.

Mr. Hillersdon did not go back to London immediately after leaving the rectory. He was fagged and faint after the long night of travel, the long morning of heart-rending emotions, the unaccustomed hurrying to and fro; but he had something to do that must be done, and with this business on his mind he had refused all offers of refreshment from the hospitable rector, although he had eaten nothing since the hurried dinner in Paris on the previous night. He went from the rectory at Lowcombe to the Rose and Crown, in the next village, the inn to which Hester had been carried after the rescue from the river, and at which the inquest upon her body had been held. He went to that house thinking that there he would be most likely to get the information he wanted about the man who had saved Hester's life, and lightened his burden of guilt by so much the dearest portion of the sacrifice.

Life was saved and reason might return; but, alas, with returning reason would come the mother's cry for the child she had slain in her madness. Must she be told—or would she remember what she had done—would she recall the circumstances of that fearful night, and know that in her attempt to end her own sorrow she had destroyed her innocent child?

To-day his business was to find out the name of the man who had saved her life, possibly at the hazard of his own, and he argued that the Rose and Crown was the likeliest place at which to get the information he wanted.

He was not mistaken. The inn was kept by a buxom widow, who charged abnormal prices for bedrooms in the boating season, and was said to have fattened by picking the bones of boating men. Although her bills were extortionate her heart was benevolent, and she was eager to be serviceable to Mr. Hanley of the Roseary. She expatiated tearfully upon the loveliness of the dear young lady, who had been carried unconscious and apparently dead to the Rose and Crown's best bedroom. She dilated upon the efforts that had been made to bring life back to that cold form, and upon her own pious thankfulness when those efforts proved successful.

"Indeed, sir, I thought the poor dear young lady was gone," she said, "and if we hadn't had a medical student in the house who urged us to go on, the aspirate here seemed only an element of force, and if we hadn't had the Newman Society's instructions hanging up in the hall, I don't suppose we should ever have had the patience or the strength of mind to have kept at it."

"Can you tell me the name of the man who rescued her?" asked Gerard, eagerly.

"Considering the landlady's benevolence a matter to be settled like her bills by a handsome check."

"Why, of course I can, sir. He and his friend was obliged to stay the night in the house, for he'd nothing but his wet boating clothes and a overcoat. He stopped that night and his clothes were dried at my own sitting-room fire, which I kept up all night on purpose, and he wrote his name in the visitors' book before he left next morning. I says, 'I should like to have your name in my book, sir, for you're a brave-hearted man.' And he laughs and says, 'Lor, landlady, you don't think that anything out of the way, do you? And as for my name,' he says, 'it's a very common one, but such as it is you're welcome to it.'"

The landlady produced a fat, black quarto, in which amidst much sportive commendation of her meat and drink, and many fictitious entries of dukes and marquises, famous politicians, and notorious public characters, and a good deal of doggerel verse, there appeared the following modest entry:

Lawrence Brown, 49 Parchment Place, Inner Temple.

Gerard copied the address into his pocket-book, presented the mistress of the Rose and Crown with a bank note, for distribution among those servants who had been active and helpful on the night of the catastrophe, wished her good-day, and was seated in his fly before she had time to steal a glance at the denomination of the note, or to give speech to her gratitude on discovering that it was not five, but five-and-twenty.

"This Mr. Hanley must be rich to throw his money about like this," she reflected, "but for all that I don't believe that pretty young creature is his wife. She wouldn't have took to wandering about with her baby if she had been. Perpetual fever, says the doctor. Don't tell me. Perpetual fever would never make a respectable married woman forget herself to that extent."

Within two hours' space of leaving the Rose and Crown Gerard Hillersdon was seated face to face with Lawrence Brown, barrister of no particular circuit, and of Parchment place, Inner Temple.

The room was shabby almost to squalidness; the man was nearer forty than thirty, with roughly modelled features, keen eyes, fine intelligent brow, and black hair already touched with gray about the temples.

He received Mr. Hillersdon's thanks politely, but with obvious reserve. He made very light of what he had done—no man seeing a life at stake could have done less. He was sorry—and here his face grew pale and stern—he had not been able to save the other life, the poor little child.

"My friend and I heard a child's faint cry," he said, "and it was that which called our attention to the spot, before we heard the splash. The current runs strong at that point. The woman rose and sank again twice before I caught hold of her, but the child was swept away upon the current. The body was found caught among the weeds and rushes half a mile lower down the stream."

There was a silence of some moments, during which Mr. Brown refilled his briarwood pipe automatically and looked at the little bit of fire burning dully in a rusty iron grate.

"Mr. Brown," began Gerard abruptly, "I am a very rich man."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Brown. "There are consolations in wealth which we poor men can hardly realize."

"You have called yourself a poor man," said Gerard, eagerly, "so you must not be angry with me if I presume to take that as a fact. I am rich, but my wealth is of very little use to me. I have had my death warrant. My time for spending money will very soon be over, and my wealth must pass into other hands. I am here to beg your acceptance of a substantial reward for the act which has saved me from a burden that must have been unbearable—the thought that my absence from England had caused the death of the person who is dearer to me than anyone else upon earth. Will you oblige me with your inkstand?"

He stretched his hand towards a shabby china ink-pot in which half-a-dozen much-used quills kept guard over a thimbleful of ink.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Hanley?"

"I am going to write a cheque, if you will allow me—a cheque for five thousand pounds, payable to your order."

"You are very good, but I am not a boatman, and I don't save lives on hire. I have not the faintest claim upon your purse. What I did for you—for Mrs. Hanley, I would have done for any love-sick kitchen-wench along the river. I heard a woman fall into the water and I fetched her out. Do you suppose that I want to take money for that?"

"You would take a big fee for doing every thing short of perjuring yourself in order to save the neck of a ruffianly burglar," said Gerard.

"I should do that in the way of business. It is my profession to defend burglars, and, short of perjury, to make believe that they are innocent and lamb-like."

"And you will not accept this recompense from me—a trifling recompense as compared with my large means. You will not allow me to think that for once in a way my wealth has been of some service to a good man."

"I thank you for your kind opinion of me, and for your wish to do me a kindness, but I cannot take a gift of money from you."

"Because you think badly of me."

"I could not take a gift of money from any man who was not of my own blood, or so near and dear to me by friendship as to nullify all sense of obligation."

"But you could feel no obligation in this case, while your refusal to accept any substantial expression of my gratitude leaves me under the burden of a very heavy obligation. Do you think that is generous on your part?"

"I am only certain of one thing, Mr. Hanley—I cannot accept any gift from you."

"Because you have had a bad opinion of me. Come, Mr. Brown, between man and man, is not that your reason?"

"You force me to plain speech," answered the barrister. "Yes, that is one of my reasons. I could not take a favor from a man I despise, and I can have no better feeling than contempt for the man who could abandon a lonely and highly strung girl in the day of trial—leave her to break her heart, and to try to make an end of herself in her despair."

"You are very ready with your summing up of my conduct. I was absent—granted; but I had left Mrs. Hanley surrounded with all proper care."

"You mean you had left her with a full purse and three or four servants. Do you think that means the care due from a husband to a wife who is about to become a mother? You must not be surprised if I have formed my own opinion about you, Mr. Hanley. I have been up and down the river good many times, and have lived for a good many days here and there at riverside inns within a few miles of the Roseary, and have heard a good deal of talk about you and your lovely wife—or not-wife, as the case may be. The village gossips would have it that she was not your wife."

"The village gossips were right. I was bound by an earlier claim, and I dared not marry her; but if she and I live, and if I can release myself from that other claim with honor, she shall be my wife."

"I am glad to hear that. But I doubt if your tardy repentance can ever efface the past."

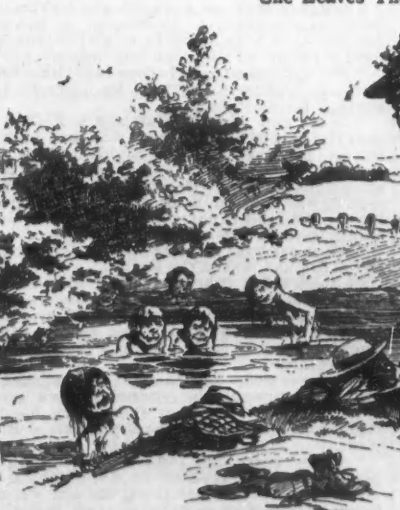
The man was obviously so thoroughly in earnest that even in the face of those shabby chambers, that well-worn shooting jacket and those much-kneed trousers, Gerard could push his offer no further. He might have seen as rich as Rothschild, and this man would have accepted not so much as a single piece of gold out of his treasury. There are men of strong feelings and prejudices to whom money is not all in all; men who are content to wear shabby tweed and trousers that are bagging at the knees and frayed at the edges, and to beside a sparse fire in a rusty grate, and smoke coarse tobacco in an eighteen penny pipe, so long as that inward fire of conscience burns bright and clear, and the silencing hand can hold itself high in the face of mankind.

(To be continued.)

The Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street, beg to announce that they have opened up the latest novelties in spring dress goods, silks, etc. We cordially invite you to inspect the very latest in Parisian millinery, jeweled trimming and other novelties.

She Leaves Them Alone.

Miss Abby See.—Now, what will you boys do if I take away your clothes Chorus of School-boys.—We'll chase ye! Yah!—Puck.



Needham—I say, old boy, can you lend me (finishes in pantomime).

How the Prince of Wales Fell in Love.

Two stories are related, on creditable authority, of the manner in which the heir apparent to the throne of England first heard of the charms of the Princess of Denmark's daughter; and both of them form pretty incidents in the prologue of what is regarded as the most charming royal romance in modern times. H. R. H. Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up. Colonel—drew from his pocket the photograph, as he supposed, of his fiancée, to show it proudly to his companions. But instead of the likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken carte de visite of the most charming girl the prince's eyes had ever rested upon—a girl wearing a simple little white gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon encircling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone. The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be.

"The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the carte de visite changed owners. H. R. H. showed it that evening to a confidential friend—one who knew of the matrimonial designs of the queen for the Prince of Wales, a bride from one of the well known German houses having been selected. The quaint little photograph had not left the prince's keeping when a few days later he again, and quite by chance, encountered at the house of a certain duchess the same noble young face, this time exquisitely painted in miniature, the property of a lady who had just returned from Denmark. Elizabeth, had there been a anything so sumptuous as the preparations for the progress of this royal bride from Gravesend to London, thence on to Windsor Castle. It seemed as if the whole nation had swarmed into public view, so crowded were the thoroughfares, the country-side, and the shores which greeted the eyes of the Danish girl, whose new dignity seemed to have acquired something positively spectacular in the splendor with which the people set it forth.

Early in the day sixty young ladies attired in the red and white colors of Denmark assembled at the wharves, to strew flowers beneath the feet of the prince's bride. The moment the yacht came in view bearing its precious freight, the air was rent with cheers, at which—so relates a lady in the party—Alexandra turned pale with excitement and clung to her mother, hardly knowing what to do or say in answer to the wild tumult of the people. Those upon the shore saw a pretty sight—a timid, girlish figure, dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side, then, returning to the cabin, was seen first at one window, then at another, the bewitching face framed in a little white bonnet, the work of her own hands—and which, it may be remarked, had to be replaced at Gravesend for something more suited to the bride of the Prince of Wales. The prince's yacht approached that of his bride, the gateway was thrown down, and immediately he was seen by all those thousands to rush across it, and waiting for no formal word of greeting, and to the delight of the onlookers, caught the princess in his arms and kissed her, just as an honest Yorkshire man said to me in describing the scene, "as though she were any other lass."—Lucy C. Little in Lippincott's.

The Boy and the Preacher.

Bobby—Are you the man that preacher this morning?

Minister—Yes, little boy.

Bobby—I guess everybody didn't just like your sermon, did they?

Minister—I don't know. I preached as well as I could.

Bobby—Yes; pa said you tried to do your darndest.—Judge.

A Straight Tip.

"Is your sister in the house, Miss Dorothy?"

"Yes, she is; and if you're coming often you'd better hurry up and propose, 'cause I've noticed with all the others when it goes on so long it never comes to anything."—Life.

Epidemic.

"I understand that Miss Passe was quite a belle once."

"Yes, indeed, with swarms of admirers."

"Why did she never marry?"

"Declined rapidly for several years—then heart failure set in."

"That was sad—but she seems to have reached a good age."

"Ah—but her admirers had the heart failure."—Life.

Perseverantia Omnia Vincit.

(Not always.)

Mike and his lady on the street in the full glare of an electric light. Mike leaning against a fence, looking tired and dejected. Kathleen—Niver you moind, Moike; you'd

Laconic

Needham—I say, old boy, can you lend me (finishes in pantomime).

Keephem—Sorry, old fellow, but I'm dead (finishes in pantomime).—Puck.

Keephem—Sorry, old fellow, but I'm dead (finishes in pantomime).—Puck.

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Keephem—Sorry, old fellow, but I'm dead (finishes in pantomime).—Puck.

Keephem—Sorry, old fellow, but I'm dead (finishes in pantomime).—Puck.

THE MONEY'S THERE

One of the easiest and commonest ways of frittering away money is in the purchase of soap.

It is a big mistake to imagine that because AN ARMFUL OF SOAP can be bought FOR 25c. that the investment is a good one. It is money wasted, because cheap soaps are rank in quality, ruinous to the hands and clothes, and last no length of time.

How vastly different with "SUNLIGHT SOAP," though 25c. buys less in bulk, yet the value is there. It goes further, saves labor, fuel, washing power, the clothes and skin; can be used for every purpose in the house, and will do what no other soap can do, hence it is really the cheapest in the end. A trial will convince you.

Asking for Further Information.

"This is a specimen of pig iron," said the superintendent as he showed Miss Backbay of Boston through the foundry.

"Aw, how interesting! Now would you tell me how this is—aw—porcine iron differs from the other sort?"—Judge.

The Boy and the Preacher.

Bobby—Are you the man that preacher this morning?

Minister—Yes, little boy.

Bobby—I guess everybody didn't just like your sermon, did they?

Minister—I don't know. I preached as well as I could.

Bobby—Yes; pa said you tried to do your darndest.—Judge.

A Straight Tip.

"Is your sister in the house, Miss Dorothy?"

"Yes, she is; and if you're coming often you'd better hurry up and propose, 'cause I've noticed with all the others when it goes on so long it never comes to anything."—Life.

Epidemic.

"I understand that Miss Passe was quite a belle once."

"Yes, indeed, with swarms of admirers."

"Why did she never marry?"

"Declined rapidly for several years—then heart failure set in."

"That was sad—but she seems to have reached a good age."

"Ah—but her admirers had the heart failure."—Life.

Perseverantia Omnia Vincit.

(Not always.)

Mike and his lady on the street in the full glare of an electric light. Mike leaning against a fence, looking tired and dejected. Kathleen—Niver you moind, Moike; you'd

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THE "DANGLER" IS THAT STOVE

Heating the water, as it does, with the same fire that does the cooking, the expense and inconvenience of the separate water heating burner used in all other makes are entirely avoided. Illustrated catalogue free.

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The World, The Flesh and The Devil

BY MISS M. E. BRADDON

Author of "Lady Audley's Secret," "The Day Will Come," "Vizen," "Like and Unlike," etc.

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CHAPTER XXIX.

FROM THE WARM WILD KISS TO THE COLD.

Gerard traveled as fast as trains and boat would take him, but it was soon on the second day after he had left Florence before he arrived at the nearest station to Lowcombe, with the prospect of half an hour's drive behind an indifferent horse before he could reach the Rectory and know the worst. He was alone. He had sent his valet to Hillersdon House, and had resolutely refused Jernyn's company, although Jernyn had urged that he was hardly in a state of health to risk a solitary journey, or the consequences of further ill news.

"If there is anything worse to be told, you could not help me to bear the blow," Gerard answered, gloomily. "Nor would she care to see you with me. You were no favorite of hers, and perhaps if it had not been for you I should never have left her."

They had searched all the morning papers they could obtain during the journey from Dover to Charing Cross, to discover any paragraph that might record the calamity at Lowcombe—for any report of the inquest on the infant, or the rescue of the mother. It was at least some relief to find no such record. Whatever had happened, the report had, by happy chance or kindly influence, been kept out of the papers. Hester's name and Hester's woe were not banded about in a social leader, or even made the subject of a paragraph.

Gerard reached Lowcombe, therefore, in absolute ignorance of anything that might have happened since Mr. Muller's letter was written. He drove straight to the Rectory, where garden shrubberies looked dull and dreary under a gray, sunless sky. It seemed as if he had left summer on the other side of the Alps—as if he had come into a land where there was no summer, only a neutral dullness, which meant gloom and smoke in London, and a gray monotone in the country.

His heart grew cold at sight of the windows. The blinds were all down. The house was either uninhabited, or inhabited by death.

He rang violently and rang again, but had to wait nearly five minutes before the door of the presiding agony, before a housemaid opened the door, her countenance only just composing itself after the broad grin that had greeted the baker's last sally. The baker's cart rattled away from the back door while the housemaid stood at the front door answering her master's eager questions.

"Where is your mistress? She—she is not here."

He could not utter the word that would have given shape to his fear. Happily the girl was sympathetic, although frivolous-minded as to bakers and butcher-boys. She did not keep him in agony.

"She is not any worse, sir. She's very bad, but not worse."

"Can I see her at once—would it do her any harm to see me?" he asked, going towards the staircase.

"She's not here, sir. She's at the rectory. Mr. Gilstone had her taken there after she was saved from drowning by those two London gentlemen. She was taken to the Rose and Crown, as that was the nearest house to the river; the two gentlemen carried her there, quite unconscious, and they had her work to bring her round. And they kept her here, at the Rose, till next morning; and then the doctor he had her taken home to his own house, and his sister is helping to nurse her."

"They are good souls," cried Gerard, "true Christians. What shall we do in our troubles when there are no more Christians in the world?" he thought, deeply touched by kindness from the man whose sympathy he had repulsed.

"Is your mistress dangerously ill?" he asked.

"She has been in great danger, sir; and I don't think she's out of danger yet. I was at the rectory last night to inquire and one of the nurses told me it was a very critical case. But she's well nursed and well cared for, sir. You can make yourself happy about that."

"Happy! I can never know happiness again!"

"Oh, yes, but you will, sir, when Mrs. Hanley gets well, I make no doubt they'll pull her through."

"And her baby—"

"Oh, the poor little thing! He was such a weakly little mite—I'm sure he's better off in Heaven, if he's not dead, than he is in the world, when she comes round and has to be told about it."

"There was an inquest, wasn't there?"

"Well, yes, sir, there was an inquest at the Rose and Crown, but it wasn't much of an inquest. Mrs. Hanley added, in a comforting tone. The baker told me the coroner and the other gentlemen weren't in the room above ten minutes. 'Death by misadventure,' that was the verdict. Everybody was so sorry for the poor young lady. And it was a misadventure, for if the night nurse hadn't left the door unfastened, and fallen asleep in her easy chair, nothing need have gone wrong. It was all along of her carelessness. My poor young mistress got up and put on her morning gown and slippers, and took the poor little baby out of his bassinette, and went downstairs and out of the drawing-room window, and she must have gone across the lawn down to the towing path, and wandered and wandered for nearly two miles before she threw herself in just by the little creek where she and you used to be so fond of sitting in the punt, where we used to send your lunch out to you."

"Yes, yes, I know. It was there, was it?"

The thought of the happy hours they had spent there, hours of blissful tranquillity, steeped in the summer warmth, the golden light, sweet odors of field flowers, soothing ripple of water and rustle of willow branches. What happy hours of delight in all that is most exquisite in literature, Milton, Keats, Tennyson, Rossetti, in that music of words which is second only to the music of sweet concord and divine harmonies. Oh, happy hours, happy days, bliss which he had dreamed might last all his life, and lengthen life by its reposeful sweetness. And now he had to think of his dear love, the fair Egeria of those happy hours, wandering hapless and distraught along that river bank, choosing in some dim fancy of the dreaming mind that spot above all the other spots in which to seek death and oblivion.

"Tell me how it all happened," he said to the girl. "Mr. Davenport's death—was it very sudden?"

"Dreadfully sudden, sir. It was the shock of her father's death which made my mistress so bad. She was very down-hearted after you went abroad. We could all see that, though none of us ever saw her cry. She was too much the lady to give way before servants; but we could tell by her face in the morning that she'd been lying awake half the night, and that she'd been crying a good deal. And then she'd pull herself together, as you may say, and be bright and cheerful with the old gentleman, and sit with him, and talk to him, and walk beside his chair, and give all her thoughts and all her time to making him as happy as he could be made. And it wasn't easy work, for after you was gone he took a sort of restless fit, and he was always asking about you the nurse said, in his queer way, and he seemed uneasy at not seeing you. And he used to talk to poor Mrs. Hanley in a disagreeable way, and he was quite nasty to her, his man told me, and was always blaming her, as if she hadn't done her very best for him. He was very cruel to her, I think; but I suppose it must have been because he was worse in him-

self. And one day he was particularly unkind, and she left him in tears, and went out into the garden and sat there alone by the river, and didn't go to her father's room to sit with him while he took his lunch, as she almost always did, and his man found her sitting in the garden very low when he went to tell her that he and the nurse were going to dinner. Missus always used to sit with the old gentleman while those two had their dinner. And she went up to his room and found him lying quietly on the sofa, and she sat there over an hour, for those two used to take their time over their dinner, no doubt thinking he was asleep all the time, and then, just as the nurse was going upstairs, we all heard a dreadful shriek and a fall, and we found her lying insensible on the floor near the sofa, where her father lay dead. She had gone to him, and spoken to him, and touched him, and found him dead."

There was a pause, a silence broken only by Gerard's hoarse sobs, as he sat at the table where he had planned his new novel, in the happy morning of his love, sat with his head bent low upon his folded arms.

"She was very bad all that day and night, and Dr. Mivor telegraphed for another nurse, for he said we was in for a bad business. She was quite light-headed, poor young lady, and it was heart-breaking to hear her asking for you, and why you didn't go to her, and talking about her father, and begging him to forgive her, as if she had any need of forgiveness, when she'd devoted herself to making him comfortable and happy from the first hour he was taken."

And three days after his death the poor little baby was born, and she was quite out of her mind all the time and didn't seem to care about the baby, though he was a dear pretty little thing—but I don't think he'd have lived long, even with the best care. A week after he was born the fever went down a bit, and she seemed to be coming more to herself. There was a change in her, and she left off talking wildly, and she seemed to understand that her father was dead and that you were far away; and everybody thought she was better. I suppose this made the night-nurse a little less watchful. Both nurses had been very careful of her while she was so bad with the fever, but they began to take things a little easier, and to drop asleep in the easy chair. They'd both had a hard time of it for the first week. And I think that's about all I can tell you, sir, except that Mr. Davenport was buried in Lowcombe churchyard nearly a fortnight ago."

"Thank you for telling me so much. You are a good girl."

"Shall I get you a bit of lunch, sir? You are looking so tired and ill."

No, thank you, Mary, I shall eat nothing till I get to the rectory. Good day. Take care of the house and keep everything in good order till your mistress and I come back. By the way, who has been supplying you with money since your mistress fell ill? Have you had any difficulty in providing for expenses?"

No, sir, the cook knew where the mistress kept her money, and she made bold to unlock the drawer and take out what was wanted. There was a fifty-pound note and some sovereigns in the drawer. There has been plenty to pay the nurses and gardeners and to provide any ready money that was wanted. Cook has kept a strict account of everything. The undertaker has not been paid anything nor the doctor, but they know their money's safe."

The fly was waiting, and it took Gerard to the rectory with very little loss of time, yet to his agonized mind the distance seemed long, the horse slower than such hirelings usually are. Fate had used him almost better than he had hoped. The coroner's verdict freed Hester from all shadow of blame in the child's death—his child. The child of whose existence he had taken so little thought, deeming that he had done enough when he had left ample funds at the other's disposal. He had cared but for one thing, to make the best and the most of his own life—and the thought of the child that was to be born to him had awakened no tender feeling, only an aching envy of that young fresh life in which doubtless his qualities and characteristics would live again under happier conditions, the life which would be the most of the sweetest things that this world can give—love, ambition, pride, luxury, the mastery of men—while he was lying cold and dumb, cheated by inexorable death out of the fortune which a wondrous chance had flung into his lap. Fate had given with one hand and had taken away with the other. He had never felt as an expectant father should feel. The thought of his duty to the child had never occurred to him to repair the wrong he had done the mother—but now that death had snatched the pale flower of unsanctified love, remorse weighed heavy on his heart, and he was himself for the unscrupulous gratification which he governed him in all his relations with the woman he had pretended to love. He had grieved over all that was guilty in their union; he had kissed away her tears and made light of her remorse; he had compared her to Shelley's Mary, forgetting that Shelley was eager to legalize his union as the most conforming Christian in the land. He looked back upon the happy days of their love, and knew that when he was happiest Hester's life had been under the shadow of an ever-present regret, knew that while she was generous and devoted he had been selfish and false, soothing her conscience with sophistries and vague promises to which she was too delicate ever to refer.

Yes, he had used her ill, the woman who loved him; he had used her might be; or had killed her mind for ever, leaving her to go down to old age through the long joyless years, a mindless wreck; she who was once so beautiful and so happy, a lovely ethereal creature in whom mind and heart were paramount over clay.

The rector received him coldly, and with a countenance to which unaccustomed sternness gave an expression of severity. When a benevolent man is angry his anger has a deeper seat and a more appalling aspect than the ready displeasure of less kindly spirits. For Mr. Gilstone to be angry meant a complete upheaval of a nature that was up of sympathy and compassion. But here for once was a man with whom he could not sympathize, for whom his only feeling was detestation.

"Is she recovering? May I see her?" asked Gerard, on the very threshold of the rector's study, chilled by that repelling countenance, yet too full of the thought of Hester to delay his questioning.

"She is a shade better this morning," the rector answered coldly. "But she is far too ill for you to see her—at any rate until the doctor thinks it safe—and when you are allowed to see her it is doubtful whether you will recognize her. She is in a world of her own, poor soul, a world of shadows."

"Is her mind quite gone?" faltered Gerard. "Does the doctor fear—"

"The doctor fears more for her life than for her mind. If she live the mind will recover its balance as strength returns. That is his opinion and mine. I have seen such cases before—and the result has generally been happy; but in those cases we had to deal with a ruder clay. All that is loftiest in this girl's nature will tell against her recovery. There is a heavy account against her here, Mr. Hanley."

"I know, I know," cried Gerard, with his face turned from the rector, as he stood looking out of the window, across the beds of tulips, towards the churchyard, seeing nothing which his eyes looked at, only turning his face away lest anyone should see him in his agony.

"A heavy account; you have brought dis-

honor upon a woman whose every instinct makes for virtue, and you have broken her heart by your desertion."

"I did not desert her—"

"Not as the world reckons desertion perhaps. You left her a house and servants and a bundle of bank notes; but you left her just when she had the most need of affection and sympathy—left her to face an ordeal which might mean death—left her under conditions which no man with a heart could have ignored."

"I was wrong—selfish—cruel. Say the worst you can of me. Lash me with bitter words, I acknowledge my iniquity. I was only just recovered from a dangerous illness—"

"Through which she nursed you. I have heard of her devotion."

"Through which she nursed me. I was not ungrateful—but I was wretched, borne down by the knowledge that I had only a short time to live. Ah, rector, you in your green old age, sturdy, vigorous, with strength to enjoy the fullness of life even now when your hair is silver, you can hardly realize what a young man feels who has most unexpectedly inherited a vast fortune, and who while the delight of possession is still fresh and wonderful, is told that his days are narrowed to a few precarious years—that if he is to last out even that short span he must watch himself with jealous care, husband his emotions lest the joys of youth should waste the oil in the lamp. This was what I was told. Be happy, be calm, be tranquil, said my physician; in other words, be self-indulgent, care for nothing and no one but self. And I felt that yonder house was killing me. The shadow of that old man's decaying age darkened my fading youth. If she would have gone with me to the north there would have been no break in our union—at least I think not—though there was another claim—"

"She refused to leave her father, I understand!"

"Yes. She preferred him to me. It was her own free choice."

"Well, there are excuses for you, perhaps; and the result of your conduct has been so fatal that you need no sermon from me. If you have a heart, the rest of your life must be darkened by remorse. Your child's death lies at your door."

Does she remember that dreadful night—does she grieve for the child?" asked Gerard.

"Happily not. I have told you she is living in a world of shadows."

"Let me see her," pleaded Gerard. "You don't know how fondly she loves me—how dear we have been to each other. Her mind will be awakened at the sound of my voice."

"Awaken to the memory of all that she has suffered. Would that be an advantage? Mr. Mivor must be the judge as to whether she ought to see you. If he says 'Yes'—"

"When will he be here?"

"Not till the evening."

"Then I'll go to his house, and bring him here if necessary. Mr. Gilstone," said Gerard, stopping on the threshold, as the rector followed him to the hall, "you are a good man. However hardly you may think of me, nothing will ever lessen my gratitude to you—and in the short time I may yet have to live I hope to prove that my gratitude means something more than a word."

The rector gave him his hand in silence, and Gerard got into the fly and was driven to Mr. Mivor's comfortable cottage, a low, white-washed building with a thatched roof, at the end of the straggling village street.

Mr. Mivor was surprised to see him, but suppressed all expression of astonishment.

"I should have telegraphed to you more than a fortnight ago if I had known where to find you," he said. "I am glad you have come back, and I shall be happy to-day to play one of Chopin's nocturnes—a piece so familiar in her girlhood that even in distraction some memory of the notes remained, and she played correctly and with feeling to the end of the first movement, when suddenly, at a loss for the notes, she burst into tears and left the piano."

"It is all gone," she said. "Why can't I remember!"

There was a little cottage piano in a recess by the fireplace—a little old piano on which Miss Gilstone had practiced her scales forty years before. Hester ran to the piano, seated herself, hesitated, and began to play one of Chopin's nocturnes—a piece so familiar in her girlhood that even in distraction some memory of the notes remained, and she played correctly and with feeling to the end of the first movement, when suddenly, at a loss for the notes, she burst into tears and left the piano.

"How late he is," she said, "and I've got such a nice little dinner for him. I'm afraid it will be spoiled by waiting. It's the day the new magazines are given out. He is always late that day. I ought to have remembered."

"I don't want to get them planted before father comes from the library. It'll be a surprise for him, poor dear. He was grumbling about the dust this morning, and saying how it spoils everything, and he'll be pleased to see the garden full of tulips and hyacinths. This sort will grow without roots—they grow best without roots, don't they?"

She looked down at the flowers, a little dubiously, as if not quite clear upon this point, and then with a sudden vehemence ran to the fireplace, where a small fire was burning behind a high old-fashioned brass fender, and flung the tulips and hyacinths into the fender.

"Oh, Mrs. Hanley, that's very naughty of you," cried the nurse, as if she had been reproving a child, "to throw away the lovely flowers that the rector brought you this morning. Why did you do that, now?"

"I don't want them. They won't grow. It's the day for my music lesson and I haven't practiced. How cross Herr Schuler will be!"

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The nurse dried her tears and soothed her after that burst of grief at the piano, and a few minutes later she stood at the open window tranquilized and smiling, watching for someone with an air of glad expectancy.

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"I don't want to get them planted before father comes from the library. It'll be a surprise for him, poor dear. He was grumbling about the dust this morning, and saying how it spoils everything, and he'll be pleased to see the garden full of tulips and hyacinths. This sort will grow without roots—they grow best without roots, don't they?"

She looked down at the flowers, a little dubiously, as if not quite clear upon this point, and then with a sudden vehemence ran to the fireplace, where a small fire was burning behind a high old-fashioned brass fender, and flung the tulips and hyacinths into the fender.

"Oh, Mrs. Hanley, that's very naughty of you," cried the nurse, as if she had been reproving a child, "to throw away the lovely flowers that the rector brought you this morning. Why did you do that, now?"

"I don't want them. They won't grow. It's the day for my music lesson and I haven't practiced. How cross Herr Schuler will be!"

There was a little cottage piano in a recess by the fireplace—a little old piano on which Miss Gilstone had practiced her scales forty years before. Hester ran to the piano, seated herself, hesitated, and began to play one of Chopin's nocturnes—a piece so familiar in her girlhood that even in distraction some memory of the notes remained, and she played correctly and with feeling to the end of the first movement, when suddenly, at a loss for the notes, she burst into tears and left the piano.

"It is all gone," she said. "Why can't I remember!"

In all these varying moods and rapid movements about the room there had not been one look or one gesture which indicated the faintest consciousness of Gerard's presence. Those large, luminous eyes looked at him and saw him not, or saw him only as a "stranger whose image evoked not one ray of interest."

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back directly, or I shall be behindhand with my work."

Her thoughts were all in the past, the days before she had entered into the tragedy of life, while yet existence was calm and passionless, and meant only patience and duty. How strange it seemed to find her memory dwelling upon that dull life of drudgery and care, while the season of joy and love was forgotten.

"Is she often as restless as this?" he asked, with an agonized look at the doctor, who stood by the window, calmly watching of his patient.

"Restless, do you call her? You would know what restlessness means if you had seen her three days ago, when the delirium was at its height, and one delusion followed another at lightning pace in that poor little head, and when it was all her two nurses could do to keep her from doing herself harm. She has improved wonderfully since then, and I am a great deal more hopeful about her."

"Have you had no second opinion? Surely in such a case as this a specialist should have been consulted?"

"We have had Dr. Campbell, the famous mad doctor, whose opinion of the case corresponds with my own. There is very little to be done. Watchfulness and good nursing are all that we have to look to—and nature, the great healer. I am right, you see. I told you she would not know you, and that seeing you could do her neither good nor harm."

"Yes, you were right. I am nothing to her—no more than if I had been a century dead—no more than any of the dead who are lying under those crumbling old tombstones over there."

He glanced towards the churchyard where the April sun was shining upon gray granite and golden lichen, the dark foliage of ancient yews and the downy tufts upon the willows. He was standing side by side with the woman who had loved him better than her life, and she took no heed of him. He tried to take her hand, but she moved away from him, looking at him in shy surprise and with some touch of apprehension or dislike.

"Hester," he exclaimed, piteously, "don't you know me?"

"Are you another doctor?" she asked. "There have been so many doctors—so many nurses—and yet I am quite well. They have cut off my hair, and they treat me as if I were a child—but there is nothing the matter with me. I don't want any more doctors."

"You see how she is," said Mr. Mivor. "I think you had better come away at once. Your presence excites her, although she does not know you. Nothing can be done for her that is not being done in this house. Miss Gilstone has been all kindness. She has given up her sitting-room and bed-room to your wife because they are the prettiest in the house."

"She is an angel of goodness and charity," said Gerard, "and heaven knows how I can ever repay her."

"She is a Christian," said Mr. Mivor, "and she won't look to you for any reward. It is as natural for her to do good as it is for the flowers to bloom when their season comes."

Gerard followed the doctor out of the room, his looks lingering to the last upon the sweet, pale face by the window, but the face gave no token of returning memory. The doctor was right, no doubt. Messages of some kind were being carried swiftly enough along the nerve-fibres to their nerve centres, but no message told of Gerard Hillersdon's existence, or of last year's love-story.

Mr. Hillersdon did not go back to London immediately after leaving the rectory. He was fagged and faint after the long night of travel, the long morning of heart-rending emotions, the unaccustomed hurrying to and fro; but he had something to do that must be done, and with this business on his mind he had refused all offers of refreshment from the hospitable rector, although he had eaten nothing since the hurried dinner in Paris on the previous night. He went from the rectory at Lowcombe to the Rose and Crown, in the next village, the inn to which Hester had been carried after the rescue from the river, and at which the inquest upon her baby had been held. He went to that house thinking that there he would be most likely to get the information he wanted about the man who had saved Hester's life, and lightened his burden of guilt by so much the dearest portion of the sacrifice.

Life was saved and reason might return; but, alas, with returning reason would come the mother's cry for the child she had slain in her madness. Must she be told—or would she remember what she had done—would she recall the circumstances of that fearful night, and know that in her attempt to end her own sorrows she had destroyed her innocent child?

To-day his business was to find out the name of the man who had saved her life, possibly at the hazard of his own, and he argued that the Rose and Crown was the likeliest place at which to get the information he wanted.

He was not mistaken. The inn was kept by a buxom widow, who charged abnormal prices for bedrooms in the boating season, and was said to have fattened by picking the bones of boating men. Although her bills were extortionate her heart was benevolent, and she was eager to be serviceable to Mr. Hanley of the Rose. She expatiated tearfully upon the loveliness of the dear young lady, who had been carried unconscious and apparently dead to the Rose and Crown's best bedroom. She dilated upon the efforts that had been made to bring life back to that cold form, and upon her own pious thankfulness when those efforts proved successful.

"Indeed, sir, I thought the poor dear young lady was gone," she said, "and if we hadn't had a medical student in the house who urged us to go on, the aspirate here seemed only an element of force, and if we hadn't had the Newnham Sisters' instructions hanging up in the hall, I don't suppose we should ever have had the patience or the strength of mind to have kept at it."

"Can you tell me the name of the man who rescued her?" asked Gerard, somewhat curtly, considering the landlady's benevolence a matter to be settled like her bills by a handsome cheque.

"Why, of course I can, sir. He and his friend was obliged to stay the night in the house, for he'd nothing but his wet boating clothes and a overcoat. He stopped that night and his clothes was dried at my own sitting-room fire, which I kept up all night on purpose, and he wrote his name in the visitors' book before he left next morning. I says, 'I should like to have your name in my book, sir, for you're a brave-hearted man.' And he laughs and says, 'Lor, landlady, you don't think that anything out of the way, do you? And as for my name,' he says, 'it's a very common one, but such as it is you're welcome to it.'"

The landlady produced a fat, black quarto, in which amidst much sportive commendation of her meat and drink, and many fictitious entries of dukes and marquises, famous politicians, and notorious public characters, and a good deal of doggerel verse, there appeared the following modest entry:

Lawrence Brown, 49 Parchment Place, Inner Temple.

Gerard copied the address into his pocket-book, presented the mistress of the Rose and Crown with a bank note, for distribution among those servants who had been active and helpful on the night of the catastrophe, wished her good-day, and was seated in his fly before she had time to steal a glance at the denomination of the note, or to give speech to her gratitude on discovering that it was not five, but five-and-twenty.

"This Mr. Hanley must be rich to throw his money about like this," she reflected, "but for all that I don't believe that pretty young creature is his wife. She wouldn't have took to wandering about with her baby if she had been. Perpetual fever, says the doctor. Don't tell me. Perpetual fever would never make a respectable married woman forget herself to that extent."

Within two hours' space of leaving the Rose and Crown Gerard Hillersdon was seated face to face with Lawrence Brown, barrister of no particular circuit, of 49 Parchment place, Inner Temple.

The room was shabby almost to squalidness; the man was nearer forty than thirty, with roughly modelled features, keen eyes, fine intelligent brow, and black hair already touched with gray about the temples.

He received Mr. Hillersdon's thanks politely, but with obvious reserve. He made very light of what he had done—no man seeing a life at stake could have done less. He was sorry—and here his face grew pale and stern—he had not been able to save the other life, the poor little child.

"My friend and I heard a child's faint cry," he said, "and it was that which called our attention to the spot, before we heard the splash. The current runs strong at that point. The woman rose and sank again twice before I caught hold of her, but the child was swept away upon the current. The body was found caught among the weeds and rushes half a mile lower down the stream."

There was a silence of some moments, during which Mr. Brown refilled his briarwood pipe automatically and looked at the little bit of fire burning dully in rusty iron grate.

"Mr. Brown," began Gerard abruptly, "I am a very rich man."

"I am glad to hear it," replied Brown.

"There are consolations in wealth which we poor men can hardly realize."

"You have called yourself a poor man," said Gerard, eagerly, "so you must not be angry with me if I presume to take that as a fact. I am rich, but my wealth is of very little use to me. I have had my death warrant. My time for spending money will very soon be over, and my wealth must pass into other hands. I am here to beg your acceptance of a substantial reward for the act which has saved me from a burden that must have been unbearable—the thought that my absence from England had caused the death of the person who is dearer to me than anyone else upon earth. Will you oblige me with your inkstand?"

He stretched his hand towards a shabby china ink-pot in which half-a-dozen much-used quills kept guard over a thimbleful of ink.

"What are you going to do, Mr. Hanley?"

"I am going to write a cheque, if you will allow me—a cheque for five thousand pounds, payable to your order."

"You are very good, but I am not a boatman, and I don't save lives on hire. I have not the faintest claim upon your purse. What I did for you—Mrs. Hanley, I would have done for any love-sick kitchen-wench along the river. I heard a woman fall into the water and I fetched her out. Do you suppose that I want to take money for that?"

"You would take a big fee for doing everything short of perjuring yourself in order to save the neck of a ruffianly burglar," said Gerard.

"I should do that in the way of business. It is my profession to defend burglars, and short of perjury, to make believe that they are innocent and lamb-like."

"And you will not accept this recompense from me—a trifling recompense as compared with my large means. You will not allow me to think that for once in a way my wealth has been of some service to a good man."

"I thank you for your kind opinion of me, and for your wish to do me a kindness, but I cannot take a gift of money from you."

"Because you think badly of me?"

"I could not take a gift of money from any man who was not of my own blood, or so near and dear to me by friendship as to nullify all sense of obligation."

"But you could feel no obligation in this case, while your refusal to accept any substantial expression of my gratitude leaves me under the burden of a very heavy obligation. Do you think that is generous on your part?"

"I am only certain of one thing, Mr. Hanley—I cannot accept any gift from you."

"Because you have had a bad opinion of me. Come, Mr. Brown, between man and man, is not that your reason?"

"You force me to plain speech," answered the barrister. "Yes, that is one of my reasons. I could not take a favor from a man I despise, and I can have no better feeling than contempt for the man who could abandon a lonely and highly strung girl in the day of trial—leave her to break her heart, and to try to make an end of herself in her despair."

"You are very ready with your summing up of my conduct. I was absent—granted; but I had left Mrs. Hanley surrounded with all proper care."

"You mean you had left her with a full purse and three or four servants. Do you think that means the care due from a husband to a wife who is about to become a mother? You must not be surprised if I have formed my own opinion about you, Mr. Hanley. I have been up and down the river a good many times, and have lived for a good many days here and there at riverside inns within a few miles of the Rosary, and have heard a good deal of talk about you and your lovely wife—or not-wife, as the case may be. The village gossips would have it that she was not your wife."

"The village gossips were right. I was bound by an earlier claim, and I dared not marry her; but if she and I live, and if I can release myself from that other claim with honor, she shall be my wife."

"I am glad to hear that. But I doubt if your tardy repentance can ever efface the past."

"The man was obviously so thoroughly in earnest that even in the face of those shabby chambers, that well-worn shooting jacket and those much-kneed trousers, Gerard could push his offer no further. He might have been as rich as Rothschild, and this man would have accepted not so much as a single piece of gold out of his treasury. There are men of strong feelings and prejudices to whom money is not all in all; men who are content to wear shabby tweed and trousers that are bulging at the knees and frayed at the edge, and to sit beside a pure fire in a rusty grate, and smoke coarse tobacco in an eighteen-penny pipe, so long as that inward fire of conscience burns bright and clear, and the silencing hand can hold itself high in the face of mankind."

(To be Continued.)

The Misses E. & H. Johnston, 122 King street, beg to announce that they have opened up the latest novelties in spring dress goods, silks, etc. We cordially invite you to inspect the very latest in Parisian millinery, jeweled trimming and other novelties.

She Leaves Them Alone.

Miss Abby See.—Now, what will you boys do if I take away your clothes

Chorus of School-boys.—We'll chase ye! Yah!—Puck.

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How the Prince of Wales Fell in Love.

Two stories are related, on credible authority, of the manner in which the heir apparent to the throne of England first heard of the charms of the Princess of Denmark's daughter; and both of them form pretty incidents in the prologue of what is regarded as the most charming royal romance in modern times. H. R. H. Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to R. H. Albert Edward chanced, so it is said, to be whiling away part of a long summer afternoon with two or three congenial spirits, young men of rank and position near enough to his own to make even discussions on domestic questions possible, and the matrimonial outlook for one of the party was brought up.

Colonel—drew from his pocket the photograph, as he supposed, of his fiancée, to show it proudly to his companions. But instead of Lady—'s likeness there appeared a rather poorly taken *carte de visite* of the most charming girl the prince's eyes had ever rested upon—a girl wearing a simple little white gown and loose white jacket, with a black velvet ribbon circling her throat, and her hair smoothed back from her brow, leaving the beautiful young face to be admired for itself alone. The eyes and lips seemed to be smiling at the prince, who gazed at the picture, demanding to know who in the world this lovely "country girl" might be.

"The daughter of the Prince of Denmark," was the answer, and, naturally enough, the *carte de visite* changed owners. H. R. H. showed it that evening to a confidential friend—one who knew of the matrimonial designs of the queen for the Prince of Wales, a bride from one of the well known German houses having been selected. The quaint little photograph had not left the prince's keeping when a few days later again, and quite by chance encountered at the home of a certain duchess the same noble young face, this time exquisitely painted in miniature, the property of a lady who had just returned from Denmark.

Never, so it is said, since the days of Queen Elizabeth, had there been anything so sumptuous as the preparations for the progress of this royal bride from Gravesend to London, thence on to Windsor Castle. It seemed as if the whole nation had swarmed into public view, so crowded were the thoroughfares, the country-side, and the shores which greeted the eyes of the Danish girl, whose new dignity seemed to have acquired something positively spectacular in the splendor with which the people set it forth.

Early in the day sixty young ladies attired in the red and white colors of Denmark assembled at the wharves, to strew flowers beneath the feet of the prince's bride. The moment the yacht came in view bearing its precious freight, the air was rent with cheers, at which—so relates a lady in the party—Alexandra turned pale with excitement and clung to her mother, hardly knowing what to do or say in answer to the Danish girl, whose new dignity seemed to have acquired something positively spectacular in the splendor with which the people set it forth.

Those upon the shore saw a pretty sight—a timid, girlish figure, dressed entirely in white, who appeared on the deck at her mother's side, then, returning to the cabin, was seen first at one window, then at another, and bewitching face framed in a little white bonnet, the work of her own hands—and which, it may be remarked, had to be replaced at Gravesend for something more suited to the bride of the Prince of Wales. The prince's yacht approached that of his bride, the gangway was thrown down, and immediately he was seen by all those thousands to rush across it, and waiting for no formal word of greeting, and to the delight of the onlookers, caught the princess in his arms and kissed her, just as an honest Yorkshire man said to me in describing the scene, "as though she were any other lass."

—Lucy C. Little in *Lippincott's*.

Laconic

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THE MONEY'S THERE

One of the easiest and commonest ways of frittering away money is in the purchase of soap.

It is a big mistake to imagine that because AN ARMFUL OF SOAP can be bought FOR 25c. that the investment is a good one. It is money wasted, because cheap soaps are rank in quality, ruinous to the hands and clothes, and last no length of time.

THE TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT

MOMUND R. SHEPPARD - Editor.

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Mr. Smythe's Volume.

HE thin volumes which issue from the presses of the many cities of America and which bear on the usually plain cover the legend that they are the verses of such and such an aspirant to poetic fame, have become a byword and source of mirth among literary people. This is not always undeserved, as the verses so issued are in many cases of a mediocre description. But the volume before me does not deserve the fate of most of these thin volumes. Many of the poems are a distinct acquisition to that chimerical fetish of some writers, Canadian literature. Mr. Smythe's poetic gift is chiefly lyrical; but he appears even better in poems of grave and elevated thought than in the lighter conceits of the fancy. The following is a good specimen of his ability, exquisite in its simplicity.

ONE
Of all the flowers at my feet
A single blossom was sweet.
Of all the birds in the tree
One alone sang for me.
Of all the starry array
One shone over my way.
But the blossom has ceased to wave;
The bird has carolled his grave;
The starlight shines on a grave!

There is also much music and virility in Mr. Smythe's verses. The four lyrics entitled Lilies have a melodious sweetness:

Tiny tinkling bells of beauty
Peal forth their calls to duty,
And the fairy people rally
Round the lilies of the valley.

The virility of his poetic gift is most marked in his sonnets. He is not always so successful with the sonnet-form as in the one here given, but every sonnet embodies some fine and often majestic thought. The following is his best and perhaps, as a whole, the finest poem in the book.

THE FORGOTTEN POET.
With fragrance blown, as of a long-plucked bud,
The little song I sing with so much care,
Sweet for a day, will swoon upon the flood
Of days that will forget my song was fair.
The master-song is mighty rushing wind
Mixed with all fragrance, strong with a great breath
From cloudland and the chimera that win the mind,
And fall of pulses to awaken death.
F. I. I will I know the storm will smite my flower,
My tiny short stemmed blossom of the sod;
But when my flower and I have lived an hour
I'll bear on the wind away to God;
And wind and flower and spirit may adorn
Some Eden garden where new worlds are born.
The following sonnet from another sonnet addressed to a lady is also fine:

What if a sphere above me holds thy home
Whose pathway circles higher than my course?
A heaven-sent token and a long-sought sign
Forever over me thy grace will shine;
Still may I pray with thee beneath one dome,
Still trace my soul with thine to one dread source.

Many of Mr. Smythe's poems are characterized by an airy, elastic humor, at times cynical, but never objectionally so. His humor at its best has an undercurrent of tears, but there is nothing puerile about it. It has what may be truthfully called "a manly melancholy." It reminds one of Thackeray in his Ballads. His best poem in this mood is *Fate the Milkman*:

My fate's a wicked dairymaid
Who sells me skin and charges cream,
Puts "Human Kindness" on his can
And cold pump water on my dream.
With deprecatory pretence
He begs his dues like other prize,
My time, my labor and my pence,
And steals my tit-bits for his pie.
I asked him why the milk I buy
Is worse than the milk that dries in silk,
But craftily he made reply:
"I furnish them with asses' milk!"
I'd gladly change, but where I dwell
He quite controls his branch of trade;
He is an anchorite as well
And does not keep a dairy maid.

His poem in *Lodgings* is also fine, but space does not allow quotation, and his *Peanut Ballads*, which have from time to time appeared in *SATURDAY NIGHT*, are written in good swinging verse and form a department of their own. Mr. Smythe's genius reminds one alternately of that of Oliver Wendell Holmes and Algernon Charles Swinburne. His method may be said to be new among Canadian poets, the only one with whom he can be compared being John Read of Montreal. Although there is nothing distinctively Canadian about them, they are good literature, and it is to be hoped that they will meet with success in a wider field than Canada.

TOUCHSTONE.

* Poems, Grave and Gay, by Albert E. Smythe. Inquiries to Graham, Toronto.

Patriotic.

"Do the Russians really eat candles?" asked a Washington lady of the Russian ambassador.

"No, madam," was the reply, "it is a calumny, a tall calumny, so to speak."

Music.

What a pretty concert that was on Thursday of last week when the "Canadian Nightingales" held forth at the Pavilion! The only drawback was that it was not as well patronized as it deserved to be in proportion to its excellence. The man with curiosity was again out in full force and I have had many enquiries as to which was the better singer, Mrs. Thomson or Mrs. Caldwell. To weigh such a delicate question and upon my own poor human judgment deliver an opinion *ex cathedra*, as it were, is a function I do not feel it either incumbent upon me or necessary to undertake. Criticism, pure and simple, is only too liable to be colored by the personal predilections of the critic and to be limited by his knowledge and judgment, but comparative criticism is liable to be still more frail when its objects are those who are in our midst every day and who may be personal friends of the critic. So, my good readers, as far as I am concerned the question must remain unanswered. Most of those who were at the concert formed their opinion either in favor of one or the other of these ladies, and any word of mine would only be corroborated or would be bitterly challenged.

Mrs. Thomson was the first to appear and sang the aria, *Regnare nel Silenzio* most excellently. Her voice was pure and sweet throughout and her vocalization was beautifully fluent and correct. The tender, sympathetic quality of her voice was probably never heard to better advantage, a result that applied equally to her singing of *Home, Sweet Home*. Mrs. Caldwell was just as successful in her singing of one of the most brilliant pieces in her repertoire, *The Queen of the Night* aria from the *Magic Flute*. The continuous demands upon her upper register were met with spontaneity and grace, and her staccato wanderings in the octave above the staff were delightful in their certainty and ease. Her singing of the *Rainy Day* was a gem of feeling and expression. Mr. Harold Jarvis was at his best and gave a splendid rendering of *The White Squall*, full of dramatic fervor, while his encore song, *Douglas Gordon*, was one of the tenderest bits of ballad singing ever heard in Toronto. Mrs. A. Haycke Garrett is a new face upon the concert platform and sang very acceptably. She has a very agreeable contralto voice and sings with taste. A little more study and a little more experience would make her a welcome addition to our list of concert singers.

Mr. H. M. Blight gave a fine rendering of *Heart and Hand* with the *Longshoreman* as an encore. Mr. J. Bryce Mundie sang *Spirito Gentile* from *La Favorita* in agreeable voice, but a trifle slowly. Mr. J. F. Thomson sang the *Toreador* song in excellent style, but his voice was not in sufficiently good condition to enable him to sing the aria with the splendid execution that has characterized his former renditions of it. The only instrumentalist upon the programme was Miss Lizzie Massie, who played Poper's *Gavotte* for the violin. She has a good tone and very fluent execution, and shared the fate of most of the performers in being encored. The accompaniments were all that could be desired. Mrs. H. M. Blight and Mr. E. W. Phillips assisting in this department.

Next week will bring us Theodore Thomas and his splendid orchestra in a well selected programme. Of the soloists, Campanini and Joseffy have been here before, so often as to need no introduction. Miss Katherine Fleming, the other soloist, is a young contralto who



MISS KATHERINE FLEMING.

is very highly spoken of, and who is a member of the quartette in the Madison Avenue Baptist church in New York. The programme to be played will embrace Beethoven's immortal Fifth Symphony, the E minor Concerto of Chopin-Tansig, *Siegfried's Death* from Wagner's *Goetterdaemmerung*, Dvorak's Slavonic Dances, Bizet's *Suite L'Arlésienne* and the Tannhauser overture. Truly a splendid bill of fare.

The fact that I have received from Mrs. Jeannette M. Thurber, the generous patroness of the National Conservatory of America, a circular naming dates and conditions for the examinations of candidates for gratuitous tuition in vocal and instrumental music with a request for its publication, would lead one to believe that the generosity of that institution will not be confined in its practical results to those who live under the Stars and Stripes, but that Canadians found worthy of its advantages may participate as well. The circular states that the successful candidates will enjoy the tuition of the best teachers that can be engaged and, after graduation, will be afforded opportunities of making known their accomplishments, thus securing engagements. The conditions of admission as to fees, etc., varying according to the classification of the pupil, are determined by the board of directors. Instruction in all branches will be given free to students whose talent and circumstances warrant it. The course embraces tuition in singing, stage deportment, elocution, fencing, Italian, and instrumental and theoretic music in all its branches. The entrance examinations take place at the Conservatory, East 17th street, New York, in singing September 24 and 25, orchestral instruments September 28, piano and organ September 29, orchestra November 2, chorus November 4, operatic chorus November 2.

Apropos of Mr. C. A. E. Harris and the "Westminster Abbey boy," what a portentous title is that of *Vicar Choral*! Most people would expect to find that a *Vicar-Choral* is a tremendously important functionary of the Abbey, clerical of course, with wig, gown, hood, and all the other millinery of an imposing station in the choir of one of the most imposing edifices of the world. Probably he would in his physical and business reality be "found" "imposing." I have the May number of the *Musical Times* before me, from whose advertising columns it would appear that Mr. William Saxton, *Vicar-Choral* of Westminster Abbey, is only an ordinary everyday musical agent who provides artists and glee-boys and glee-men for concerts, dinners and the like. He is now sole business manager and singing master to the "celebrated solo soprano boy and pianist, Denman Groome, aged 12." He also refers to Master Frederick Williams' great success in Canada and America (*sic*), and closes his advertisement with an N. B., as portentous to us as a lady's postscript: "None of Mr. Saxton's boys are from Westminster Abbey." Evidently his recent "special permission" has got him into hot water and the authorities of the Abbey have sat upon him. By the way, *SATURDAY NIGHT*'s reference to Mr. C. A. E. Harris and the "Westminster Abbey Boy" has been widely referred to in the press of the United States and Canada, and numerous calls have been made upon Mr. C. A. E. Harris to get up and explain, but so far his silence has been profound.

Mr. D. E. Cameron takes charge to-morrow of the choir of the Carlton street Methodist church and has arranged programmes for the two services which occur, embracing besides the former soloists of the choir such voices as those of Miss Norma Reynolds, Miss Bonnell, Mrs. D. E. Cameron and Mr. D. E. Cameron.

All lovers of music in Toronto will regret to hear that Mr. Harold Jarvis has accepted an engagement in Detroit, which will call for his attendance every Sunday at the new Presbyterian church, of which Mr. Arthur Dewey is organist. Mr. Jarvis' departure from our Sunday services is a loss which will be severely felt in our churches, notably after his fine singing at the Church of the Redeemer last Sunday morning at the Confirmation service. Mr. Jarvis will still continue to fill his engagements with the Mozart Quartet's, covering the months of June and July, and will continue his connection with that successful organization during the coming season.

On Wednesday evening the advanced pupils of Mr. W. Elliott Haslam gave a recital in the Music Hall of the Toronto College of Music, the particulars of which were most creditable to that popular instructor. A large audience was most spontaneous in its demonstrations of applause at the efforts of Mrs. Cox, Miss Bauld, Miss Bonnell, Miss Brimson, Miss Brown, Miss McFaul, Mr. Gorrie and Mr. Lugsdin.

Mr. Robinson, known in artistic circles as Pierre Delasco, will give a recital in the rooms of the Ontario Society of Artists on Tuesday, June 16, when he will be assisted by the leading artists of the city.

Shakespeare, THE CHILD OF WIT AND COMMON SENSE.

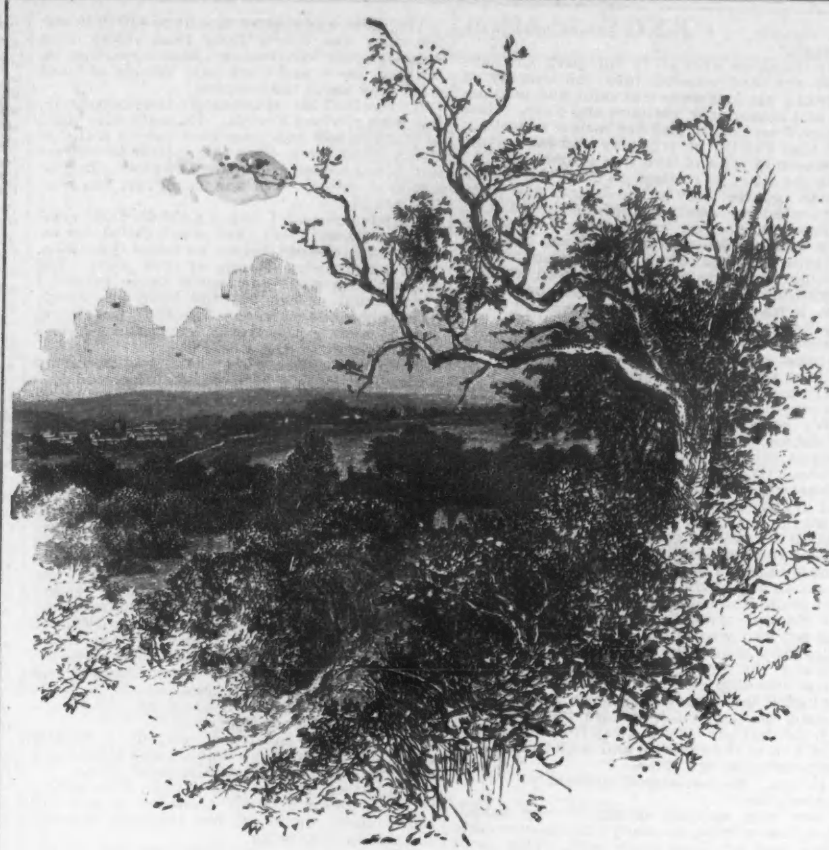
For Saturday Night.

Once humorous Wit with happy, roguish air
Would fain have a hob-nob with Common Sense;
They met, but Wit was ill'd with love intense,
And wedded then became the royal pair.
A child was born to them of the rare kind,
Who could from history's unenvying page
Some pretty facts, part blurred o'er with age,
And took them to the laboratory of the mind;
And with the aid of his alchemy refud;
Them and fashioned them into great thoughts,
And wreathed them with language's forget-me-nots.
The world's bard thou! The drama's worthy sage!
The tragic and humorous muse, the grave and gay,
Around thy genius a lustrous halo play.

W. H. STEVENS.

The Drama.

The dramatic season is practically closed in Toronto, and it has been in many respects the dreariest that Toronto has known of late years. Below is given Mr. Stuart Robson's view of the dramatic situation. He is certainly hopeful with grounds for being so. The past season has, both in London and New York, been more than usually productive of good dramatic work, but regrettably Toronto "is not in it." The line is being sharply drawn between sense and nonsense, but first-class attractions of the first named quality are becoming more and more unobtainable in the lesser cities of America. In Toronto we have been getting a few, but most of them have been of a comparatively low grade. In the realm of nonsense, however, we have had first-class attractions: Agnes Huntington, Marie Tempest and Camille Derville, the queens of this world have come and gone and delighted many people, but their triumphs would have been greater had they been preceded by stars of a more truly dramatic character. Delightful as a good comic opera is, it has become as the wild grapevine that crushes the oak which gives it support. Its gains are so great as to tempt all classes of actors into its ranks. It is sapping the vitality of the grand opera and the legitimate drama. In the London papers we read that Mrs. Leslie Carter, an actress who has proved herself of great ability, will prostitute her talents in a semi-French farcical opera next season, and this is but one instance. Mrs. Carter's and her company's acting is one of the first bright spots in the past season. James O'Neill with the *Dead Heart*, and Jananek in her striking portrayal of the aged Queen Elizabeth are also remembered. Robert Mantell in *Hamlet* and *Othello*, and Rose Coghlan in her well known repertoire almost complete the list of first-class dramatic attractions, although Rosina Vokes and E. H. Sothern might be included. As was said above, the comic opera has almost killed grand opera, except in the three or four large cities. The last of the regular traveling companies of this class, the Emma Juch Company, which appeared in Toronto last October, is disbanded. Most of the other attractions have been poor and the outlook for next year is worse still. Managers



The Trysting Tree

For Saturday Night.

Tell me, whispering leaves, and truly,
Has my love been here to-day?
Since we loved, have I not duly
Kept the tryst? Then, tell me, pray,
Wherefore does my darling tarry?
Dove, to her this message carry:
Come, my love, to me!

Tell me, guardian of our secret,
Tell me, have I waited long?
She shall yield a kiss for forfeit,
Should she loiter overlong.
Hark! The hour but now is pealing;
Dusk is o'er the landscape stealing:
Come, my love, to me!

Dove, now to thy nest returning,
Bills in this our trysting-tree,
Does she know I linger, yearning,
Here her bonny face to see?
Rapture! I behold a fairy,
Tripping with a step so airy!
Come my love to me!

TORONTO. WILLIAM T. JAMES.

My True Love's Token

For Saturday Night.

I have a bunch of poet's,
Of posies so bright and fair,
Beneath Aurora's tinted glories,
Naught else can find compare.
O! the gold and pinky splendor
Of my yellow daffodils
And May flowers, nestling under
Their leaves, from the mossy dells.

The bees' ambrosial drinking cups,
Filled with sun-distilled perfumes
And chalices for the dew drops,
Making odorous all my room.

I will tie a dainty love knot
With silken hand and white,
For these bright flowers my sweetheart
Sent me lovingly to-night.

With a message fond and tender
For my birthday ball to-night.
And no gems excel in splendor
My bunch of posies bright.

Hexameter Translations of the Iliad.

AGAMEMNON IN THE FIGHT.

These, then, he left, and away where ranks were now clashing
In the thickest,
Onward rushed, and with him rushed all of the bright-
gleamed Achaeans.
Foot then footmen slew, that were flying from direful compulsion,
Horse at the horsemen (up from off under them voluted
the dust-cloud,
Up off the plain, raised up cloud-thick by the thundering
horse-hooves)
Heaved with the sword's sharp edge; and so meanwhile
Lord Agamemnon
Followed, chasing and slaughtering aye, on-urging the
Argives.
Now, as when fire voracious catches the unslipped wood-
land,
This way bears it and that the great whirl of the wind, and
the scrubwood
Stretches uproot, flung forward along by the fire's fury
raging,
So beneath Atreides Agamemnon heads of the scattered
Trojans fall; and in numbers many the horses, neck-
stiffened,
Rattled their vacant cars down the roadway gaps of the
war field,
Missing the blameless charioteers, but, for these, they were
outstretched
Fled upon earth, far dearer to vultures than to their home-
mates.

FARIN AND DIOMIDES.

So he, with clear about of laughter,
Forth of his ambush leapt, and he vaulted him, uttering
this wise:
"Hilt thou art! not in vain flew the shaft; how by rights
it had pierced thee
Into the undermost gut, therewith to have rived thee of life-
breath!
Following that had the Trojans plucked a new breath from
their breast.
They all frightened of thee, as the goats bleat in flight from a
lion."
Then unto him untroubled made answer stout Diomedes:
"Bow-puller, fiber, thy bow for thy glorying, spryer at
virgins!
If that thou dared'st face me here out in the open with
weapons,
Nothing thou wouldst avail thee thy bow and thy thick shot
of arrows.
Now thou plumest thee vainly because of a grace of my
totolo.
Rock I as were that stroke from a woman or some pettish
infant.
Aye flies blunted the dart of the man that's emancipated,
nought-worth!
Otherwise him, forth flying from me, and but strikes it the
slightest,
My keen shaft, and it numbers a man of the dead fallen
slaughtered.
Torn, brot, these are the cheeks of the wife of that man
slaughtered.
Orphan his babes, full surely he reddens the earth with his
blood drops.
Rioting, round him the birds, more numerous they than
the women."

GEORGE MANDELSTAM.

Noted People.

Iconoclasts have sought to throw doubt on the old John Knox house in the Canongate of Edinburgh, as a former home of the great Scotch reformer, but Sir Daniel Wilson of Toronto, the author of Old Edinburgh, defends the tradition as not inconsistent.

The announcement by the Rev. Dr. D. C. W. Bridgman, a Baptist minister of New York, that, no longer believing in hell, he felt compelled to resign his pastorate, has agitated the clerical world even more than Father Ignatius's attacks on Heber Newton, Rainsford and others.

Billiards are Mark Twain's favorite diversion, and he has a table and cues conveniently at hand in his Hartford home. Mr. Clemens and his family are going over the water for a long stay, but he says distinctly that this is not to be another trip of "the innocents abroad."

One of the recent victims of the influenza in England was Edwin Long, an artist, who was judged by widely different estimates. His work found many admirers, however, and he excelled particularly in his imaginative representations of Oriental antiquity. Some of his portraits were also greatly praised.

Dr. Henry W. Henshaw, who was chosen last week by the Board of Education for assistant superintendent of public schools, has been for some time the director of the Hebrew Technical Institute of this city. He managed the free public lectures last winter to the great satisfaction of every one. The Board of Education has made an excellent choice.

The suit brought by a Bostonian against a New York dealer in violins calls attention to the market price of instruments accredited to Antonius Stradivarius, the lute maker of Cremona. Experts have sworn that a genuine Stradivarius should be worth five thousand dollars, and the unusual have been set to wondering what qualities a mere fiddle can possess that it should be rated at such a price.

Dr. Livingstone's faithful servant, Sui, died recently in Zanzibar. With a companion, he carried the famous explorer's body fifteen hundred miles, from the interior of Africa to the coast, suffering many privations and risking dangers in hostile territory, in order that he might save his master from an unknown grave. Parliament thanked Sui for his performance, and even the Queen took notice of his courage and fidelity.

"John, the Orangeman," is the most popular member of the under faculty at Harvard College. He has sold fruit to the students since 1855, and has a valuable acquaintance among the distinguished alumni of the university. Sometimes the students take him with them as a mascot when they go away to play an important foot-ball or base-ball game, and on such occasions, it is hardly necessary to say, John receives all the honors due his position.

The privilege of feeling the royal pulse in Siam has been given to Dr. W. R. Lee, a young physician who was sent out by the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions less than a year ago to cure the bodies as well as the souls of the heathen. Dr. Lee was so successful in putting into practice the principles he learned at the medical school of the University of the City of New York, that the king appointed him the royal physician. Less than five years ago, before he had an opportunity to cultivate his taste for medicine, Dr. Lee was driving an express wagon in Springfield, Ohio.

Benjamin P. Hutchinson, the "Old Hutch" of Chicago wheat-pit fame, spent most of his boyhood in and about North Reading, Massachusetts, where the older inhabitants still remember his propensity for trading. Even in those days he showed unusual shrewdness in his business transactions, rarely failing to make a profit. He learned the shoemaker's trade, and at one time peddled his wares in a bag, but soon got so far ahead that he had a manufactory and store. As he grew older he became a familiar figure in Lynn, and in the tall white hat and surtout coat that he affected looked not unlike cartoons of "Brother Jonathan."

One of the leading characters in Uncle Tom's Cabin, George Harris, was taken from the experiences of Lewis George Clarke, formerly a slave and now living at Lexington, Kentucky. He has recently been visiting a brother, J. Milton Clarke, at Cambridge, Massachusetts. From these two freedmen, both of whom are nearly white, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe gained many of the facts which she afterward wove into her great anti-slavery story. Lewis George Clarke knew personally many of the people who formed the characters of the story, which, he says, might have been made much stronger in places without departing from the realm of music. Mr. Clarke has had nine children, all of whom he sent to Oberlin College. His wife and two of the children are now dead, and he spends much of his time in lecturing.

Ouida has always lavished money upon her clothes. Worth, Pingat—all the famous French couturiers—have had the honor of dressing this gifted person. She has a passion for draping her heroines in the most sumptuous millinery, which she draws largely from her own wardrobe, and not from her imagination. Years ago a newspaper correspondent described her as the only well dressed Englishwoman he had ever seen, "though she somewhat mars the effect of her elegant costumes by letting her long, tawny hair flow loose over her shoulders." She loves furs and laces. She especially prizes a magnificent set of sables, finer than any other owned outside of Russia—the gift of a wealthy Muscovite admirer. Next in her affections comes a unique collection of old laces, purchased at odd times whenever she had the opportunity, and opportunity is not lacking in a land of impoverished nobility. Conscious that her well draped feet and hands and her mass of hair are her only beauties, she has always taken great care of them. Shoes she has in abundance and in every variety of style, all made with nice artistic eye toward the proper display of her slimly arched instep. Gloves, too, are made to order and fit exquisitely. Her hair is cared for by a maid who spends hours in brushing, washing, and arranging it. On her hair and on her eyebrows she uses scent that is said to cost thirty dollars an ounce.

Ontario Society of Artists.

SECOND NOTICE.



HERE are forty or more pictures in the main room which were not criticised in the first notice. In No. 161, Mr. Carl Ahrens makes, for him, a new departure. It is a good sea scene and shows the excellence of technique which the artist is attaining. In No. 165, a Day in Spring, by the same artist, the atmosphere is well handled. No. 170, a bit of Beach, is a pretty picture and in No. 197, Spring Evening, Mr. Ahrens has executed one of his well known poetic pictures, but on a smaller scale than usual. Nos. 162, 169 and 183 are three more seascapes by Mr. Forbes and are better than most of his other work. No. 162, Ocean Waves, is his best. No. 169, A Hazy Morning, is well painted, but the atmosphere is too lucid for the title. No. 164, Night, by G. A. Reid, is painted with his well known ability, but the distance is somewhat too distinct. No. 181, Autumn Evening, by the same artist, is a fine picture. Its chief fault is that it is misnamed. It conveys the idea of a cloudy autumn day when the gardener is burning up the old leaves. Mr. Challenger has also several pictures hung on this north wall. No. 167, Sunshine and Shadow, and 171, Studies of a Little Girl, are fairly good. No. 172, Waiting for a Bite, is a pretty little picture. No. 176, At Three Score and Ten, is diminutive but well painted. No. 179, Meadow, is not very good. Mrs. Reid has two pictures, No. 173, Roses, well painted, and No. 174, A Village Street, a splendid picture. Mrs. M. E. Dignam has a pretty little landscape in No. 197, A Scene near Zandam, Holland. No. 188, Touched by Frost, is well painted, but its composition would be more suitable for a mantle drape. No. 189, The Portage, by T. M. Martin, is better than most of this artist's efforts, and on the whole is a creditable picture. No. 184, In the Forest, B.C., has all the merits and demerits of a chromo. No. 191, The Wide, Wide World, by Miss L. A. Muntz, is a beautiful and poetic picture. The little girl's flesh is excellently painted and the only fault to be found in it is the bad drawing of the right arm. Nos. 185 and 192, two Pigeon pieces by Mr. Licence, would look appetizing in a restaurant. Mr. Sherwood's portrait of Miss Orchard is fair, and Mr. Cutts has a life-like portrait of Mrs. Heron. Two gems, so to speak, are Nos. 195, Old Grave Yard by Mrs. Henry Martin, and 196, Old Sambo by Mr. Biehn. No. 196 is one of the best pictures on the walls and was spoken of last week. No. 195 is a beautiful little picture, well composed and conveying a poetic idea. No. 199, Left by the Avalanche, by Mr. Matthews, is well painted but has not enough variety of color for so large a picture. Mr. Henry Martin's two rose pieces are bad. In the main room there are also several studies by lady artists. Miss Maude Wilkes' head is poor compared with her smaller piece. Mrs. Sheridan's pansies are pretty, and in No. 168, Old Punchbowl, Miss F. M. Joplin has managed the texture of the glass very well. Miss Jollett's fish are not bad.

We now pass to the north-west room, which is filled chiefly with water colors, and before writing of them it is well to say that very many of our water color artists err in painting scenes which are, though pleasant enough, commonplace. Though we are all more or less lovers of nature and love to be among these scenes, the pleasure we derive is not from the scenes themselves, but from the sense of vastness and liberty from them derived, and which an 8 x 10 inch picture of a pine tree and a blue sky cannot affect. Very many of the water colors in this room are not badly painted, but depict scenes of this class and hardly merit a second thought. There are some very fine water colors here, however, the principal being No. 214, by Mr. Matthews, entitled Looking Down Goat Pass. It is to be sold for the benefit of the building fund and should bring much more than the catalogue price, \$150. No. 215, On the Ottertail, by the same artist, is also a fine picture. Mr. G. Brunerich has some eight or nine landscapes, all of fair execution. Mr. J. T. Rolph's half dozen are all pretty pictures, No. 208, Old Mill on the Humber being his best effort. Mr. F. A. Verner can paint a Buffalo well, but the fault of his work is that all his subjects, be they skies or Indians or trees, have the texture of a Buffalo. Several of his pictures are creditable however. No. 206, From West Toronto, by Mr. H. L. Hertberg, is well painted. No. 211, Get Me Some, by Mr. Matthews, is in many respects a delightful subject. Many of Mr. Matthews' pictures are, however, marred by a roughness of texture. Exclusive of the two fine mountain scenes before referred to; he has several fair pictures. On the Fraser River (B.C.), No. 24, by Mr. Bell-Smith, is a fine picture, its only serious fault being its monotonous body tone. His two other pieces, No. 225, Wharf, Murray Bay and No. 252, On Bow River, Banff, are well painted pictures. No. 231, An Old Road, is also a very fine one. Mr. Manly exhibits a pleasing picture, No. 251, Lismore Castle. Mr. T. Mower Martin's In Rosedale Creek, No. 221, is well painted, and in No. 250, In Macpherson Grove, he shows his well known ability to paint a pine tree. Mr. W. D. Blatchley has a good pair, Nos. 201 and 237, Evening and Daybreak. No. 234, The Straits of Messina, Italy, by T. H. Wilkinson, is good. There are also a score or more of pictures in this room by various artists, which are neither very bad nor very good.

In the north-east room a few good pictures have been hung, and many bad ones. No. 264, Handling the Nets, by W. C. Foster, is well painted, but somewhat too thin in tone for an oil.

Sketches from the Recent Exhibition of the Art Students' League.



STUDY—THE LILAC BUSH IN ST. JAMES' CEMETERY—C. W. JEFFREYS.



DESIGN—D. HOLMES.



STUDY—S. F. LANGFORD.



STUDY—C. M. MANLY.



STUDY—MISS SPURR.

No. 265, A Family Jewel, by J. W. L. Forster, is a well executed pastel, but is spoiled by its massing of blue. No. 266, Stork's Nest, by the same artist, is fair. No. 268, Summer Afternoon, by the same artist, is poor. No. 267, Reverie, a pastel, by G. A. Reid, is a beautiful picture. In No. 269, Evening, by Mrs. Payne, the water might be snow or anything white. No. 270, On the Alert, a dog, by Mrs. Sherwood, does not amount to much. Mr. R. Crockett's pair, Nos. 272 and 273, are fair. No. 279, A Scene on the Scotch Coast, is fair but crude in treatment. The same applies to Mr. Boulbee's portrait, No. 284, which, however, is a clever likeness. Mr. Forbes has a pair of seascapes, Nos. 286 and 298, done in his usual style. Mr. Matthews has several fair landscapes in oils, the best of which is No. 305, Vancouver Island, and a water color, well executed, No. 316, A Wiltshire Pasture. Mr. G. A. Reid has several diminutive but artistic little pictures. No. 337, Morning Mists, a water color, is a well painted picture, the best in the room. Mr. F. A. Verner has three water colors, Nos. 308, 309 and 310, well painted. The balance of the pictures in this room, which complete the exhibition of paintings, are although in many instances painstaking, are not exactly suitable for hanging on the walls of the society's rooms.

The sculpture scattered through the rooms is, what there is of it, excellent. Mr. Hamilton McCarthy shows three portrait busts, one of the Hon. Edward Blake, a striking likeness, and two equally fine of E. Thornton Todd and L. R. O'Brien. R. C. A. file smaller bust of Master Galt Kingsmill is also fine and shows Mr. McCarthy's ability to represent the tender flesh of childhood. His half-figure Cupid is an almost too conventional representation of the conventional Cupid. Hamlet is a fine statuette, and Burns and Highland Mary a splendid group. Mr. Thos. Mowbray's bust of Frank Turner is life-like and striking, and his wood carving is good.

There is also a fine exhibit of architectural sketches and designs. No. 356, an architect's colored drawing of the Confederation Life

Buildings, is a masterly piece of coloring by a New York colorist.

An Old Book.

This rare book of the olden day
A dainty charm possesses;
The ink is faint, the leaves are gray,
And "fa" are used for "fs."

The poet sought to win some maid,
He swore he loved her dearly,
"Love's holy faint" she was, he said,
And signed it "Moff sincerely."

And I believe the letters quaint
The honest truth had spoken;
He found, no doubt, love wholly faint
When youth's bright dream was broken.

FRANK SCOTT MILES in Life.

The Art Students' League.

The Art Students' League held its annual exhibition recently. As I said last week, this organization is showing its influence in the quality of work exhibited in the larger exhibitions. Misses Adams and Spurr, and Messrs. Manly and Staples, and several other artists who exhibit good work at the Ontario Society's exhibition, are members of the League. The exhibit in the Imperial Bank building was large and of great variety. The anatomy studies or sketches, done in fifteen minutes, were very interesting. Mr. William Bengough's painting in two colors, of the members of the League at work, was also interesting. Oil sketches, water colors, crayon, pen and ink and pencil sketches were scattered over the walls, most of the figure pieces being done from life. A special feature was the exhibit of the N. D. S. L. (not a day without a line) branch. The work here showed to what particular line of work the artist's ability ran. Noticeable here were the imaginative sketches of Mr. C. W. Jeffreys, and the beautiful designs of Mr. D. Holmes. Good work was also shown by Mr. D. A. McKellar, late of the staff of SATURDAY NIGHT, but now of New York. Mr. Wm. Bengough and others. In the other departments the work of Miss Spurr, Miss Adams, Mr. G.

A. Reid, Mr. S. F. Langford, Mr. C. M. Manly, Mr. O. P. Staples and many more of the League's members, and the designs of Mr. A. H. Howard were of noticeable excellence. By courtesy of the League SATURDAY NIGHT is enabled to reproduce five of the sketches exhibited.

CHAD.

Man.

For Saturday Night.

Oh! man how weak, how frail thou art,
Should'st thou essay to rule thyself;
Change but the field and how thy might
Finds not a rival, though the sea
Should thunder forth its energy.
Thy only bound and shore is death,
For only there thy powers cease
And only there is quietness.

H. SLONE.

Whittlings.

Time is the silent barber who mows away man's top hair.

The first man to aim a blow at a giant corporation was David.
"Does position affect sleep?" asked a medical writer. It does not when the man holds the position of night-watchman.
There are no cats in Greenland, but they have a native dog there that can howl a hole into the side of an iceberg, so the natives do not miss the cats.

"He went for a soldier," is the title of a book going through the throes of circulation as a premium. Why he went for a soldier we cannot say, but if he was an Indian, no doubt he was perfectly safe in going for a soldier.
The bridal veil originated in the custom of performing the nuptial ceremony under a square piece of cloth, held over the bride and groom, to conceal the blushes of the latter. At the marriage of a widow it was dispensed with.

Like Missis Like Maid.

Mrs. Yerger—Matilda, you and Mrs. Peterby's servants are always talking together. What do you find to talk about?
Matilda Snowball—We was just amusin' ourselves, just de same as you and Mrs. Peterby does, except dat you talk about de servants and we talked about our employers. Heah!

THAT BABY.

BY JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

Author of "Boots' Baby," "Mignon's Secret," "A Little Fool," "Beautiful Jim," "The Other Man's Wife," etc., etc.

Written for Toronto Saturday Night. All Rights Reserved.



JOHN STRANGE WINTER.

I hardly know how it came about that William Lorrimer and Oly Green got married. They were not in the least degree suited to one another, and everybody in Oly Green's circle of acquaintance had expected her any time during the last six years—since she came out of the very ill-regulated school-room at Thorpe Vicarage, that is—to distinguish herself by running away with the most penniless of penniless subalterns that the nearest garrison town could boast of.

There were five young ladies at Thorpe Vicarage, five trim queens—Violet, Heliotrope, Olive, Rose, and Daisy. The vicar's wife was a fanciful woman who bore herself the soft and musical name of Mary, which she detested. In her youth she had been called Polly, and when she married and made a fresh start, so to speak, she made a great effort that Edward Green should call her Mary, and determined that whatever else they might lack her children should start their lives with names which would not be a perpetual humiliation and annoyance to them.

So the first one was called Violet—well, because it had always been a favorite name of Mrs. Green's and she fancied it would go well with any name she might be called upon to bear hereafter. And when the second little daughter came Mrs. Green insisted on her being called Heliotrope. In vain did her husband and everyone else protest that it was a preposterous and unheard-of name for a girl to carry through life. Mrs. Green would listen to none of them. "It is a lovely name for a lovely flower," she said, and Heliotrope the child was therefore christened.

Nobody raised any objection to Olive, when yet a third babe was born at Thorpe Vicarage; nobody objected to the name of Olive any more than afterwards to Rose or Daisy. Yet when years had gone by and Olive had been persistently shortened to Oly, there arose a little joke about "Olye-Green," which stuck to the girl until she had changed the name of Green for that of Lorrimer, and had become the mistress of a magnificent hall.

All the girls at Thorpe Vicarage had married pretty well, indeed I may say very well. Violet became the wife of a man in the Indian Civil Service before she was twenty, and was now a very important person in the far-off Indian station, where she was the *prima donna*, leading lady, tennis champion, and also at the head of all manner of coquetry. Heliotrope was married to a great London doctor and had a house in Harley street, quite a mansion, where crowds came and went and were quoted in the *set* papers as "all London." It was not quite the brilliant alliance for which Mrs. Green had wished, of which she had dreamed. She had hoped to see Heliotrope a duchess but dukes are scarce, and none of the available gentlemen of rarity had happened to pass their way; and after all, Heliotrope Messant had a very fine time as the wife of the great medical specialist, and did not envy any one.

Then came Olive's turn to be the eldest of the vicarage girls; and Olive had a very good time likewise. The Greens, as you may be poor, though a more ill-regulated household than theirs you could not well find. And as each daughter was married they became as it were better off, and between the modest gales of the Thorpe neighborhood and the mild dissipations of a season in Harley street, Olive's chances of settling well were very good. Yet Olive seemed in no hurry—six years went by, six seasons one after another spent in town, but Oly Green remained Oly Green, although Rose had married a naval officer and had twins, and Daisy had been engaged nearly a year.

Then all of a sudden Thorpe village, and every other village for ten miles around, was convulsed by the news that she was going to be married immediately to William Lorrimer of a magnificent hall.

Some people said that William Lorrimer must have taken leave of his senses, others that Oly Green had an eye to settlement, and was tired of looking for a grander match in London, but all—all agreed that a more utterly unsuitable couple than they had never proposed being linked together in bonds of holy matrimony.

However, excepting in the case of relations, it is not practicable for people to tell a bride or groom in prospective exactly what is thought of them, so nobody told William Lorrimer that Oly Green was a frivolous little flirt, who was only marrying him for the sake of a magnificent hall; and even Oly's relations did not find a word to say against the match, although it is true they did say among themselves that it was perfectly wonderful that a serious man like William Lorrimer should have taken a fancy to Oly, and wondered how they would get on together.

"I suppose Oly will become serious now, and dignified and all that," said a girl who had tried seriousness and dignity and all that for a long time without any effect on the master of a magnificent hall.

But Oly did nothing of the kind. She remained exactly the same Oly that she had always been, except that she now rode a beautiful thoroughbred out of the squire's stables instead of the steady old cob that had carried her before, and wore half-a-dozen beautiful rings on her left hand, there was no difference in her at all.

The engagement was made early in August, and as long as the weather held up Oly continued to wield her tennis racquet with as much skill, and just as often, as she had done the previous summer and autumn. "I can't understand it," murmured the serious young lady, who did not play tennis because it wasted so much time—"such waste to make a parade of playing everywhere when Mr. Lorrimer never does it. I wonder he stands it as he does."

William Lorrimer, however, seemed to stand it fairly well, that is to say, he stood by complacently and looked on proudly, while his bright-hearted fiancée, to use an American expression, "licked creation"—and he went to much expense and trouble to lay out a couple of courts at a magnificent hall, one in grass and the other in asphalt, so that his beloved might amuse herself as well in winter as in the summer months.

And when a neighboring squire gave a ball in celebration of his son's coming of age, he seemed equally willing that she should dance until the small hours of the morning, although he had never danced a step in his life.

"Come and try a turn with me, Willy," Oly cried, coming up to him, with her eyes all alight with excitement, and her cheeks flushed crimson with the exertion of a long spell of waiting.

"I should only tear your dress and tread on your toes. No, no; go and enjoy yourself, dear. I am happier looking on."

"Ah, well; you can't say I did not ask you," with a gay laugh. "Let us have another turn, Captain Hamilton—it's a pity to waste it."

So off they went, and William Lorrimer settled quietly down again to a grave and serious discussion with the young lady who had devoted herself to all his favorite pursuits for the past ten years. She, poor girl, had a fierce pain at her heart.

"He is happier here, but he is going to marry her," she said to herself—and then she told herself that he would be miserable, and she rejoiced wretchedly over the prospect.

And in due time William Lorrimer and Oly Green were made man and wife. The wedding was a very smart affair. Oly received a great many presents—including about a dozen tennis-rackets—and they went off to a friend's country house for a fortnight, where Oly was bored to death, and for the first time in her life realized what home sickness was.

However, a dull fortnight comes to an end in time, and the Lorrimer went to London for a few days on their way to the Continent. There Oly enjoyed herself amazingly—she knew a good many people, had more money to spend than she had ever had in all her life before, and her husband was interested in a new chemical manure, and was too much occupied to go about with her. True, he suggested on the second morning of their stay in town, that she should go with him to Islington to see a new steam-plough, but Oly had promptly refused to do what she called waste her time in that way and Lorrimer had almost as contentedly gone without her.

Then they went abroad, but their continental trip was a dismal failure. It was just the time of year to be dull and rather dreary, and as soon as they had left Paris behind them Oly began to understand what an unmitigated bore solid worth may be and generally is. From one town to another they went, steadily making a business of slight seeing, missing not a church or gallery until Oly positively pined for the pleasure of standing idly admiring the contents of shop windows.

But what's the good of looking at such rubbish as that? Lorrimer cried one day when they were in Florence. "If you want to buy it, buy it, but don't waste time looking at things that are neither useful nor ornamental!"

"But I like to look at them," Oly protested, almost in tears.

"Well, then, come and let us flatten our noses against the windows and look your fill," he answered.

But somehow her pleasure for that morning was over. There is no pleasure in doing anything in company with a person who thinks you are a fool for doing it. Oly, after ten minutes, said that she was tired and would like to go home and rest.

"I don't wonder," answered Lorrimer, without the smallest wish or idea of being brutal to her. "But wouldn't you like to have a look at that Raphael we saw yesterday?"

"No, I shouldn't," answered she sharply. "You can go—I'll take a carriage and go home."

Somehow it never occurred to Lorrimer that he ought to go back with her. She had suggested going alone, and he wanted to go and see the Raphael again. So he called up a cab, told her what the fare would be, took off his hat, and let her go. And Oly went back and she had until she had a furious headache. Lorrimer, on the contrary, stayed some hours looking at pictures, and enjoyed himself amazingly. Then when he returned to find his wife ill and a little hysterical it never occurred to him that it was all his fault.

"But I didn't say you felt ill," he expostulated. "Why did you let me go off like that? The pictures would have done any time."

"If you couldn't come without telling," Oly began, at which Lorrimer looked up in wild surprise.

"My dear child," he said, simply, "you have a tongue, surely; it would be as easy to say—I would like you to go with me, as to reproach me now for not doing so. I'm afraid, Oly," he went on, "that you and I are not likely to have much chance of happiness if we begin quarrelling about nothing so soon as this. I'm awfully sorry I didn't understand you, but at the same time, my darling, I am a sort of man, and you cannot make anything else of me."

"I should have thought you would rather have gone with me," said Oly, weakly.

"So I would, only you seemed as if—at least—oh I hang it all. Oly, you know there's nothing on God's earth I would not do for you if I could. I would lie down this minute and let you kick me—trample on me if you liked—but don't, for Heaven's sake, don't expect me to be strong on wires like a chap in a play, for I shall never be able to get up to it—I shan't indeed."

At this point Oly began to cry miserably. "Willy," she sobbed, "are we obliged to keep on this horrid tour? I do hate it so—the horrid, uncomfortable hotels, the horrid tourists, the cooking, the everything. I hate it all. I shall hate you next, I know I shall; and I don't want to do that, Willy, I don't indeed."

"Then let us go home," said Lorrimer, promptly. "I'm sure we have been away long enough to satisfy anybody."

So they went home, staying only a day in Paris and three days in London. Then they went down to Thorpe, where there were great rejoicings in their honor—a gaily decorated station, a crowd of villagers to meet them and to unharness the horses and drag their carriage in triumph to a magnificent hall. Then there was a tenants' dinner, a villagers' dance, a tea for the youngsters, and a sort of "at home" for the better sort of people.

At this point Oly began to cry miserably. This all took about a week, during which Oly was very busy, very important, and very

happy. She had forgotten that dreadful time at Florence, and settled down to her new position with the greatest satisfaction and interest. And gradually they began to drift apart. It was imperceptible at first. Indeed the very first little rift came about through Lorrimer's delicate consideration for his wife's wishes.

"Come out to the front door, Oly," he said. "I've got something to show you."

And Oly went out to find a smart village cart and a clever little cob pony, held by a neat young groom in top boots.

"I thought you'd like something of the kind independent of the stables," said Lorrimer, when Oly had sufficiently admired her new acquisition. You'll often be wanting to be out and about in something less formal than the landau and a bit safer than a dogcart."

"Come and try a turn with me, Willy," Oly cried rapturously. "Let me drive you down to the vicarage in it."

Lorrimer looked at his watch. "I can't go this morning, darling. I've promised to meet Binks at eleven at the Red House."

Binks was the bailiff and lived in a small farm house on the estate.

"But you go," Lorrimer went on, not liking to spoil her pleasure. "They'll be glad to have a sight of you without me for once. By the way, I have to ride over to Spofforth with Binks. I shall not be in to lunch."

"Very well."

Oly turned back into the house without a word, except to tell the groom to wait for her. She saw from her bedroom window that her husband was already off to meet the bailiff, and she indeed already riding down the avenue, and she found herself wondering bitterly whether she had not made a mistake in marrying him after all.

"If he only cared a little more," she cried to herself. "I knew he didn't take interest in tennis or dancing, or anything of that sort—but I thought he would always be interested in me."

The pony and cart were equally matched, but Oly took very little pleasure in them. She got in and drove down to the vicarage, where they made an immense fuss over her and admired the pony and then the cart, and then touched on the squire's delightful generosity.

"By the way, where is Lorrimer?" the vicar asked.

"The squire—oh, he has gone somewhere with the bailiff," Oly answered with an admirable assumption of carelessness.

"Oh, well, it's a treat to have you by yourself for a while," said her mother, who was just as sentimental as when she had chosen the name of Heliotrope for her second baby.

"I suppose Willy will expect you home to lunch, or will he call for you?"

"He is riding this morning," Oly answered, not liking to admit that he had gone off for the day. "I must go home to lunch, mother dear."

Well, after this she drifted farther and farther from her mother. Not intentionally on Lorrimer's part. Oh no. He still thought Oly the sweetest, dearest, loveliest woman in the world, but he had wasted a good deal of time over his courtship, and being a very good landlord and farmer with an unusually high sense of the duties accompanying real wealth, he wanted to make up for lost time and to keep everything on his property in the most perfect and apple-pie order.

And Oly—well, Oly was pretty miserable about this time. She had got an idea into her head that her husband was indifferent as to her going out and her coming in. Whenever she consulted him about invitations, entertainments, and the expenditure immediately connected with herself, his answer was invariably the same. "Accept, if you wish, of course"—or "Ask anyone you please; satisfy yourself, and you'll satisfy me"—and "My dear child, pray don't ask me if you may buy a new frock or new hat. You have your allowance and your pin-money. If they are not enough for you let me know, and we'll see what can be done; but don't ask me to decide the details of either."

So, gradually, Oly got thrown more and more upon her own resources, and as time went on her resources, too, became limited, and therefore she was driven more and more to her thoughts for company. Tennis became an impossibility for her, and the prospect of an heir to the old place, while very delightful in one way, affected her spirits and her general health. She could not ride, and she hated going to the vicarage, because her sentimental mother always insisted that the squire was nervous and anxious about her being out alone, whereas Oly knew that he was nothing of the sort and did not care what she did or where she went. As a matter of fact the squire at this time was both anxious and nervous about her, but Oly had wrapped herself in such an impenetrable mantle of reserve and coldness that he was afraid to irritate or upset her by being too solicitous for her comfort and welfare. He let her come and go therefore as she would, and poor Oly came and went wretchedly and dejectedly, fancying that—well, that Lorrimer had simply ceased to love her.

"YOU WON'T EXCITE HER!" THE DOCTOR WHISPERED WARNINGLY.

"If I had only got up all about chemical manures and ensilage," she said to herself one day, after a visit from the serious young lady who would so dearly have loved to be mistress of a magnificent hall. "Edith Muir knows all about those things and everything else that Willy takes interest in—while I—I only cared for tennis and amusing myself. How interested Willy was what she was saying about her father's short-horns. If only I could talk like that! Indeed, I can't think why Willy didn't marry her instead of me."

Poor child—yes, she was a child yet, though she was turned five and twenty—if only she had known that Lorrimer at that moment was smiling broadly to himself at the remembrance of Miss Edith's amazing display of knowledge.

"Thank goodness, Oly doesn't pretend to know anything about theoretical farming. True, Oly did not know anything about any kind of farming; but then neither did she know anything about the real state of Lorrimer's mind, any more than Lorrimer knew of the state of hers. So for a little while longer they went blindly on, awaiting the advent of that baby! Somehow, although neither had a word to say about it, both Oly and Lorrimer had a dim idea that that baby would make a difference and set everything right."

"If it is only boy, sighed Oly to herself, "an heir, then Willy can't be sorry he married me."

"If only it lives and all goes well, said Lorrimer to himself when he had found his wife more unapproachable than ever. "It will give her something to care for and talk about, and—oh I hang it all! poor little woman, she had an awfully rough time, take it all round."

And when at last the baby came—it was a girl! Oly was in despair. "I thought—I made

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sure that it would be a boy," she sobbed passionately to the old doctor a few hours after the baby was born. "I knew a boy would set everything right. And now—now—it's only a girl and what Willy cares about a girl? He might have cared for a boy—and then a strong hand gently pulled the doctor out of the way and pointed to the door."

"You won't excite her," the doctor whispered warningly. "Excite her—No," in a vigorous whisper back. "I worship every hair of her head and the very ground she walks on. Oly, my darling," he went on in a loud, one as he bent over his wife's little pale and anxious face. "What was that nonsense I heard you talking just now? What is it that needs putting right between us two? Not that baby surely!"

But Oly, now that she had come face to face with an explanation, was not very willing to take advantage thereof. "I—well—I—" she began, confusedly.

"Well?" said he. "I began to think you didn't care for me," she whispered. "What?" he cried. "At least that I bored you—" confusedly. "Hey!" with a comical look of bewilderment.

"That is—"

"Oly," he said, as she paused, "you didn't get to think that you didn't care for me? Did you?"

"Oh, Willy!"

"Then that's all right; and you thought I had set my heart on a boy, and wouldn't even look at a girl. Was that it?"

"I don't know," then she burst out. "I seemed so useless—so—as if I didn't know anything about the things you take interest in, and whenever Edith Muir came, she always seemed to know all about it, and to interest you—and—and—"

"And I was chuckling over her mistakes all the time," Lorrimer laughed. "And there is nurse. Nurse, I should like to know when I'm to be honored with a glimpse of that baby."

THE END.

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Merchant—Yes, I would; the way I feel now—

(as the lights blaze out again)—Get out of here! I don't want any of your d— books.

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Probably a Waterbury.

Last December, while piloting some logs, a Maine lumberman lost his watch overboard near the mouth of the Penobscot River. He located the spot by landmarks on the bank, and intended to dredge for it the next day, but the river froze over, and he had to wait till the

ice broke up. He was so fortunate as to find the watch when he dredged for it last week. When brought to the surface it was still ticking and only a few minutes behind time. The owner explains this somewhat startling fact by stating that the watch lay on the bed of the river in such a position that the ebb and flow of the tide has wound it up every day. We remember reading in our geography that the tides down East were very remarkable: now we know it.—Life.

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"He said his palette couldn't supply his palate!"

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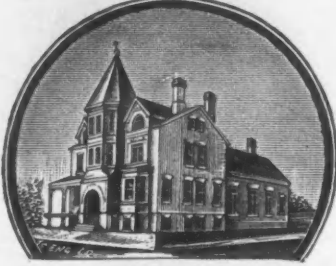


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Many of our pupils have mastered shorthand in from four to six weeks, and bookkeeping in from twenty to thirty lessons.
Pupils are not taught on the business college plan, neither are they charged business college prices.
The Only Charge Until Proficient Being \$5

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Ricksecker Gosnell
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and other leading makers

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Three doors north of King Street.
Specialties for Weddings and Evening Parties. Funeral Designs on the shortest notice.

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ITS CAUSES AND CURE

Scientifically treated by an artist of world-wide reputation. Deafness eradicated and entirely cured, of from 20 to 30 years' standing, after all other treatments have failed. How the difficulty is reached and the cause removed, fully explained in circulars, with affidavits and testimonials of cures from prominent people, mailed free.
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DESIGNED & ENGRAVED BY
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FROM TEN DOLLARS UPWARDS

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Production, Development, Cultivation and Style

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3 and 5 Jordan Street
This well-known restaurant, having been recently enlarged and refitted, offers great inducements to the public. The Dining-room is commodious and the Bill of Fare carefully arranged and choice, while the WINES and LIQUORS are of the Best Quality, and the ALES cannot be surpassed.
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Fine Ordered Boots and Shoes
A good fit guaranteed. Prices moderate. Strictly first-class.
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394 Yonge Street, Toronto
Keeps in stock Pure Homoeopathic Medicines, in Tinctures, Dilutions, and Pellets. Pure Sugar of Milk Globules. Books and Family Medicine Cases from \$1 to \$15. Orders for Medicines and Books promptly attended to. Send for Pamphlet.
D. L. THOMPSON, Pharmacist.

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IMPORTATIONS
ARE UNEXCELLED FOR VARIETY AND BEAUTY OF DESIGN. ALL GRADE AND PRICES
76 KING STREET WEST
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NEW DENTAL OFFICE
Lately opened by **M. F. SMITH**
(Late over Molsons Bank) is superior to anything of the kind in this country in the perfection of its fittings, etc., as well as comfortable accommodation.
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Special attention to the preservation of the natural teeth



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Homoeopathist and Medical Electrician
Asthma, Epilepsy, St. Vitus Dance, Diabetes, Uterine Prolapse, Neuritis, Dyspepsia, Constipation and all chronic, difficult or obscure diseases.

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210 Huron Street, first door north College
Consultation hours—9 to 11 a.m., and 2 to 4 p.m.

DR. YOUNG, L.R.C.P., London, Eng.
Physician and Surgeon
Residence 145 College Avenue. Hours 12 till 3 p.m., and Sundays. Telephone 1890.
Office 25 McCaul Street. Hours 9 till 11 a.m., and 7 till 9 p.m. Telephone 1655.

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Consultation 1 to 5 p.m. In Therapeutics, Electricity and Massage a specialty. Telephone 924.

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Specialties—Diseases of Children and Nervous Diseases of Women. Office hours—11 to 12 a.m., and 4 to 6 p.m.

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SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Fortland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence, 255 Bathurst Street.

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Every place a gem. Ask your dealer for them or order direct from the publishers

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MUSIC DEALERS
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THE FRENCH MILLINERY EMPORIUM
63 King St. West
(First floor—opp. Mail Office.)
Are now prepared to show a complete assortment of Spring importations in Flowers, Feathers, Laces, Pattern Hats, Bonnets, etc.

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FASHIONABLE DRESSMAKING
MISS PATON'S rooms are now open and thoroughly equipped with the spring styles and modes. The latest French, English and American fashions. An early visit and inspection invited.
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The most stylish designs for the coming season, at moderate prices.
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MILLINERY
See our complete and well assorted stock for this season. Latest and leading styles, newest designs. Artistically fashioned to meet the requirements of each customer.
Dress and Mantle
Perfect fit, combined with elegant style and fine work. Leave orders early to ensure prompt attention.
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Satisfaction Guaranteed.
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Magic Scale Agency
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Your Picture Free

I will give absolutely free with every dozen of our cabinets a large size Crayon Picture of yourself.
Don't miss this opportunity.

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Just the things for Progressive Euchre Parties

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SUPERFLUOUS HAIR, MOLES,
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Numerically Impossible.

Johnny was hid in the clothes closet when his father, who held a strap in his hand, opened a door and called out:
"Come forth, my son!"
"I can't do it, pa," replied Johnny. "I've got to come first or nothin'; I'm all alone in here."
—Binghamton Leader.

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FOR SPRING TRADE
There will be a larger trade than ever in these goods this year. We always lead in Variety, Style, Durability. See our stock before purchasing elsewhere.

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PICKLES' SHOES FOR LADIES have a reputation all their own for fit, fineness and finish. The best American Ladies Boots and Low Tan Shoes.



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Easy and Other Chairs

Drawing and Dining-Rooms Suites, Parlor, Office, Study and Other Furniture

These goods are manufactured by me, and are adapted to the requirements of home and places of business. I keep a stock, also make to order. Upholstering is a specialty both in design, quality of material and richness of color.

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Headline turnouts with careful drivers any time day or night.
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Proprietor

Words of Wisdom.

Death is unforgettable.
Music first; after that, take your choice.
The hidden virtues are the most lovely.
An hour for yourself, the rest of the day for others.
You should not fear, nor yet should you wish for your last day.
How beautiful are the beauties of abnegation—in the retrospect!
A good man is kinder to his enemy than bad men are to their friends.
Some men are fated to see no further than the top round of the treadmill.
No man ever offended his own conscience but first or last it was revenged upon him for it.
He who receives a good turn should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.
All the while thou livest ill, thou hast the trouble, distraction, inconveniences of life, but not the sweets and true use of it.
Transact business with men of the world like a person in a shower of rain, staying no longer than is indispensably necessary.

Couldn't Be Fooled.

Proprietor of Menagerie—That's our last importation—a fine Austrian eagle.
Visitor (indignantly)—Do you think I'm a fool? That an Austrian eagle? Why, it's only got one head. *—Life.*

It is Better than the Dime Box.

There is a hackneyed saying to the effect that if you take care of the pennies the pounds will take care of themselves. But most of us find the pennies incorrigible; they refuse to be taken care of. Now, however, appears a great corporation and says the pennies must be taken care of, and they will take means to do it. The Traders Bank have taken hold of a novel scheme whereby fortunes may be acquired before one is twenty-one years of age, by instead of taking care of the pennies yourself, letting them take care of them. The idea is a splendid one, as a reference to our advertising columns will show, and will hereafter be the fashion in Toronto for visitors to drop quarters or half-dollars or five-dollar gold pieces in the family edition of the Traders Bank. And should a young Torontonian have a best girl, as young have, he should, whenever he returns from visiting her, drop fifty cents in the slot in payment for pleasure received and as a sinking fund for the purchase of a parlor suite when he gets married.

'Varsity Schottische, by S. D. Schultz.
Whaley, Royce & Co.

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An Organist and Choirmaster for Bond Street Congregational Church (Dr. Will's), Toronto.
Apply before August 1, stating age, qualification, reference and stipend expected to THOMAS CLAXTON, Musical Emporium, Yonge Street, Toronto, Ont. Applications of only thoroughly competent musicians considered.

McKENDRY'S

202 YONGE STREET
6 Doors North of Queen

SATURDAY

IF the readers of SATURDAY NIGHT will take a peep into 202 on Monday next their eyes will rest upon the busiest store in Canada. From 10 a.m. till 6 p.m. thousands of ladies stream in by the main doors, and parcels by the hundreds are going out by every delivery, north, south, east and west, over this great city. The growth of the trade has been marvellous; only three months in the present store, and yet now doing the largest exclusive Dry Goods and Millinery business, we believe, on Yonge Street. There must be a SECRET SOMEWHERE, and if you are a lady reader no doubt you'd like to hear it—well, 'tis a tale easy told. We purchase for cash and sell for cash. During our eight years record we've always paid 100 cents to the dollar, consequently our purchasing is unimpaired by a mercantile record of failures, extensions and renewals, which, unfortunately, nine out of ten of the average merchants have to face. Our Mr. McKendry is the buyer for the house, having an experience extending over twenty-five years with some of the first houses in the old land. Trained since a youth to be a judge of qualities and styles, it is safe to affirm that no retail house can be better supplied with the best of the world's goods at the smallest prices. Other houses in this city entrust their buying to a parcel of boys and girls utterly untrained and incompetent; it is a necessity with them, as a good many at the head of pretty large houses have been brought up on farms and never served an hour to the dry goods trade. We can promise you three things—prompt and efficient service, largest and newest range of novelties to choose from, and prices that may possibly be equalled in one case out of ten, but the remaining nine cannot be approached.

Monday is Bargain Day. Some great surprises in store for the 8th.

McKENDRY'S

202 Yonge St., 6 Doors north of Queen



The Champion Hackney Stallion, **YOUNG NOBLEMAN**, winner of first prize \$100 and Gold Medal, open to the world at London (tallington) and ten first prizes. For catalogue of prizes, terms, etc., apply to
GEO. H. HASTINGS,
The Pines, Deer Park.

OAK HALL PROFOUNDLY IMPRESSED

BY THE WONDERFUL BARGAINS

Our thousands of patrons now eagerly look for a weekly price list

THE BON MARCHE'S BULLETINS

are keenly searched from week to week by the buying public. They find food for reflection in every line of goods. For instance, note the following:

ONE hundred dozen ladies warranted stainless dye Black Cotton Hose worth 20c. a pair. Price for next week only

12¹/₂
PAIR

FIVE hundred yards lovely shades pure Silk Surahs, regular price was 40c. Special price for next week only

25¹/₂
YARD

TWO hundred and seventy-five doz. ladies fine Ribbed Boltonian Vests, regular price 15c. Price next week only

9¹/₂
EACH

SIX hundred and fifty yards pure Silk Figured Pongees; wholesale price was 52¹/₂c. Special price for next week only

25¹/₂
YARD

THREE special prices in Fine Kid Gloves

4 Button, evening shades, 25c, worth 75c
4 Button, tan shades, 35c, worth 50c
4 Button, all shades, 50c, worth 75c

25¹/₂
PAIR

SEVEN special prices in Black Cashmeres and Henriettas
40c. Cashmere - 25c | 50c. Henrietta - 40c
50c. Cashmere - 35c | 65c. Henrietta - 50c
65c. Cashmere - 50c | 75c. Henrietta - 60c
Black Silk Warp Henrietta 50c, worth 75c

FOUR hundred dozen ladies fine pure Silk Gloves, 4 button length, regular price 40c. Price for next week only

25¹/₂
PAIR

EIGHT hundred yards All-wool De-beiges, sold at 20c, 25c and 30c per yard. Special price for next week only

10¹/₂
YARD

THE BON MARCHE - 7 and 9 King Street East

OAK HALL

115, 117, 119, 121 King St. East

Toronto

W. RUTHERFORD - Manager

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

REAL ESTATE, FINANCIAL AND LOAN AGENTS

18 Victoria Street TORONTO 147 St. James Street MONTREAL

We purchase, sell and rent all kinds of real estate, organize syndicates and manage estates, negotiate loans, purchase and sell mortgages, debentures, etc.

Our list of properties for sale comprises houses and lots at all prices in the best localities. The following are a few samples of selected

ARTISTIC HOMES

BORDEN STREET—A VERY DESIRABLE NEW semi-detached solid brick residence, 10 rooms, furnace, concrete cellar, two gas grates, an elegant home, complete, modern. \$4,250, 10 per cent. down, balance arranged.

BRUNSWICK AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, stone foundations, 10 rooms, full size cellar, concrete floor, all conveniences, hot air heating, nicely papered down stairs. Price \$5,500; easy terms.

HEWARD AVENUE—SOLID BRICK, SEMI-DETACHED, side entrance, all conveniences, furnace, newly papered, etc., 8 rooms. \$2,500; no reasonable offer refused.

ST. GEORGE STREET—A CHARMINGLY SITUATED 2 solid brick, semi-detached house, thoroughly comfortable well proportioned rooms, all in first-class order, comprising 12 rooms, heated by furnace; beautiful lawn in front with deep 1 1/2, nicely sodded; fine newly built stable and carriage house, harness and coachman's rooms. Splendid location for a doctor. For full particulars call at office. Price only \$8,000.

MADISON AVENUE—FIRST CLASS, HIGHLY FINISHED, solid brick detached, 11 rooms, bath and modern conveniences, furnace, etc. \$11,500.

Our printed catalogue containing a full list of our properties will be sent free in any address.

McCUAIG & MAINWARING

18 Victoria Street

DUFFERIN PARK

First day, June 3—2 32 class, 2 45 and free for all.
Second day, June 4—Three minute class, 2 50 and 2 35.
Third day, June 5—2 50 class, named race, team.
Race and running race mile heats, 2 in 3, four in 5 and three to start; entrance fee 5 p.c.; weight for age; purse \$200; money divided 60, 25, and 15 p.c.; entries close June 2. Team race, purse \$20, four to enter and three to start; money divided 60, 25 and 15 p.c.; entries close June 2; entrance fee 10 p.c. For the July meeting entrance fees will be reduced from 10 p.c. to 7 1/2 p.c. for trotters and pacers.
Races will start at 2 p.m. each day. Admission to rounds, 50c; vehicles, 50c. Entrance fee, 10 per cent., payable on the date when entries close for each meeting. All races to be for trotters only, except 2 50, 2 32 pace and free for all. All money divided 50 per cent., 25 per cent., 15 per cent., and 10 per cent. In all cases there must be five to enter and four to start. A horse distancing the field or any part thereof to receive first money only. The right to postpone reserved on account of bad weather or other causes, in other respects the rules of the American Association to govern. All entries must be addressed as below, and none will be received unless accompanied with entrance fees above provided. The Dufferin Park can be reached by the Queen and Dundas, Colborne, Dufferin and Floor street cars.
J. R. CHARLES, Proprietor,
No. 881 Dufferin St., Toronto.

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YOU

A BOY?

If you have, bring him here and we will clothe him fashionably and neatly.

We guarantee you fit, quality and value for your money.

T. K. ROGERS

522 Queen St. West TORONTO
Cor. Hackney Street

PATTERSON'S

FIRE SALE

\$35,000 GENTS' FURNISHINGS

Is the topic of conversation. Special drives in

Underwear, White and Cambric Shirts

TO-DAY, SATURDAY

165 YONGE STREET 165

SPECIAL SALE
OF
WALL PAPERS

WE have purchased a large line of Fine Wall Papers at special prices, and shall offer them after Tuesday, May 26, at a great reduction. These are not dry goods store papers, but the highest qualities of the best makers. We will sell embossed golds at 25c, per roll, usually sold at 40c.; fine embossed golds at 75c., usually sold \$1.00; wide friezes, embossed gold, at 15c. and 20c., &c.

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94 and 96 Bay Street

Toronto

CHARLES BROWN & CO'S PARK PHAETON

The Only Two-Wheeler that is a Success in Every Way



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HAVE

No Connection

WITH

SHAFTS

Entirely new. Elegant in style and finish. The finest trap made for doctors and ladies.

CHARLES BROWN & CO.

6 Adelaide Street East, Toronto

Can You Afford

to miss spending a few weeks at the most charming of Canadian summer resorts? Lorne Park is acknowledged by every one who has been there to be that place. If not, you had better make arrangements at once for rooms at the Hotel Lorne. Rates, \$5 and \$10 and \$15 and \$16 per week. Magnificent steamer Carmona from Goddard Wharf, and good train service by the G. E. R. Telephone, Post Office, Livery, Lawn Tennis, Evening Entertainment. Reduced rates in June. Address:
LORNE PARK COMPANY, Toronto.

Niagara River Line

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PALACE STEAMER

"CHICORA."

Commencing Monday, May 18, Steamer CHICORA will leave Yonge Street Wharf daily (except Sunday) at 7 a.m., for Niagara and Lewiston, connecting with New York Central and Michigan Central Railways for Falls, Buffalo, New York, etc. Tickets at all principal offices.
JOHN FOY, Manager.

M. STAUNTON & CO.

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Wall Papers

Of all grades from the lowest priced papers to the highest class of Decorative Hangings. Among the latter are

Japanese Leathers

French Leathers

Lignomur

Lincrusta, &c.

Ingrains with Choice Friezes to Match

WINDOW SHADES

AND IMPORTED

GERMAN LACES AND FRINGES

ROOM MOULDINGS

4 King Street West

MISS HOLLAND

Millinery, Mantles, Dressmaking

112 Yonge Street

Two doors south of Adelaide, west side.

Having removed to a more convenient locality, Miss Holland would solicit inspection of her new stock of French Bonnets, Hats, &c., which will be found up to the usual standard of excellence.

DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT under the able management of MISS DUFFY, late of H. S. Morrison & Co.



WE HAVE SOLD THE

Leonard

Cleanable

Refrigerator

FOR

FIVE YEARS

AND

Guaranteed Satisfaction in Every Case

H. A. COLLINS & CO.

8, 8 & 10 Adelaide St. West

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DENTIST, ETC.
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G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honorary Graduate of Session '23 and '24.
74 Gerrard Street East, Toronto. Tel. 2266
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Gold Medalist in Practical Dentistry R. C. D. S.
Office—N. E. cor. Yonge and Bloor, Toronto.

Pike's Piano Polish

OLD FURNITURE MADE NEW
Without labor by the use of

P. P. P.

Easily applied, dries quickly, and leaves a permanent
polish which does not smear or finger-mark.

A Trial is Sufficient to Establish its Merits

Bingham's Pharmacy

100 YONGE STREET

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

ELLIS—At Toronto, on May 26, Mrs. P. W. Ellis—a
daughter.
McBEAN—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. John A. McBean
—a son (still-born).
HARRIS—At Toronto, on May 13, Mrs. A. D. Harris—a
daughter.
COLWELL—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. A. H. Colwell
—a daughter.
CUNNINGHAM—At Toronto, on May 26, Mrs. J. D. Cun-
ningham—a daughter.
DRUMMOND—At Toronto, on May 28, Mrs. A. A. Drum-
mond—a son.
LAYTON—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. David B. Layton
—a son.
MOSEY—At Toronto, on May 24, Mrs. W. R. Mosey—a
son.
McILWAIN—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. McIlwain—a
daughter.
BUCKLEY—At Toronto, on May 28, Mrs. Maurice J.
Buckley—a daughter.
MACLEAN—At Toronto, on May 27, Mrs. W. B. Maclean
—a son.
MULQUEEN—At Toronto, on May 28, Mrs. D. Mulqueen
—a daughter.
MCINTYRE—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. Peter McIntyre
—a daughter.
McKENDRY—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. C. D. Mc-
Kendry—a son.
ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. J. H. Arm-
strong—a daughter.
DYAS—At Toronto, on June 2, Mrs. Thomas W. Dyas—a
daughter.

Marriages.

BEASLEY-GRIFFITH—At Donald, B. C., on June 3,
in St. Peter's church, by Rev. J. C. O. Keen, Harry Ester
Beasley to Katherine, second daughter of Rev. David
Griffith of Delaplay, North Wales.
HUSTIS-BROWN—At Toronto, on May 23, Arthur
Edward Hustis of Halifax, N. S., to Amy Douglas Brown.
HOBSON-OTTIE—At Cayuga, on May 27, Thomas
Hobson of Hamilton, to Fanny Ottie.
ROSS-SHELOCK—At Southampton, on May 27, George
Forbes Ross of Mexico City to Frances Griffin Sherlock.
DISNEY-BURROUGHS—At Toronto, on May 27, Harold
Disney of New Westminster, B. C., to Mary Burroughs of
London, England.
ROGERS-ELLIOTT—At London, on May 25, Edward A.
Rogers to Louis Elliot.
SMITH-TURNER—At Fullerton, on May 27, Rev. T. J.
Smith to Ada E. Turner.
ROBERTSON-McGUGAN—At Toronto, on June 1, John
M. Robertson to Mary McGugan.
VOKES-HUNT—At Toronto, on May 13, John Vokes to
Rosa M. Hunt.

Deaths.

CURRIE—At Toronto, on June 1, Gertrude May Currie,
aged 1 month.
DEAN—At Toronto, on May 31, Eva Neakern Dean,
aged 14 years.
PATTERSON—At Wexford, on May 31, Jessie Patterson.
CROFT—At Toronto, on May 30, Norman Orsini Croft,
aged 4 months.
BREDIN—At Colborne, on May 30, Rev. John Bredin,
D. D., aged 72 years.
SCULLY—At Toronto, Annie Louise Scully, aged 7
years.
LENNOX—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. Lennox, aged 54
years.
EVANS—At Toronto, on May 31, Mrs. Rebecca Evans,
aged 77 years.
WILCOCK—At Toronto, Mrs. Ellen Mary Wilcock,
aged 40 years.
GREENLEES—At Toronto, on May 31, John Greenlees,
aged 40 years.
STEWART—At Port Lumbton, on May 25, Mrs. Catharine
Stewart, aged 69 years.
CLARK—At Toronto, on May 23, Alice Clark, aged 3
years.
MOWAT—At Toronto, on May 26, John A. Mowat, aged
24 years.
ALLEN—At Toronto, on May 29, Nellie Josephine Allen,
aged 4 years.
COOLAHAN—At Toronto, on May 29, Mrs. Annie Coolah-
an, aged 40 years.
CRAIG—At Port Hope, on May 29, William Craig, aged
72 years.
PLEWS—On May 24, Mrs. Susan Plevs, aged 91 years.
SHEPHERD—At Toronto, on May 23, George Shepherd,
L.D.S., aged 35 years.

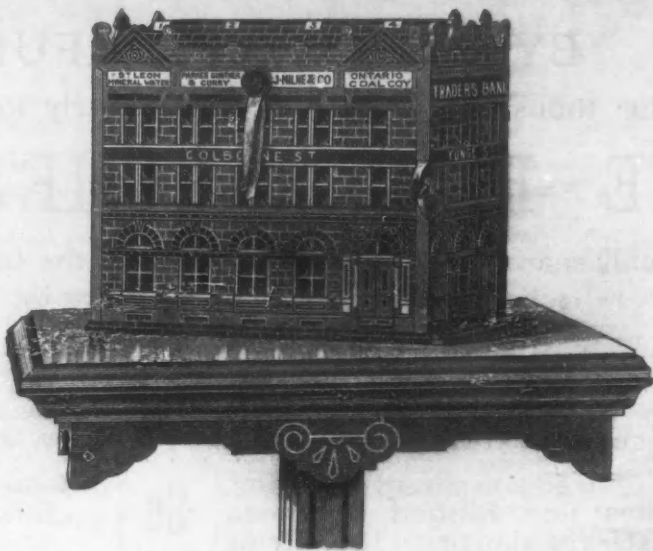
Mothers

Nestle's Milk Food for infants has, during 25
years, given in favor with both doctors and
mothers throughout the world, and is now un-
questionably not only the best substitute for
mothers' milk, but the food which agrees with
the largest percentage of infants. It gives
strength and stamina to resist the weakening
effects of hot weather, and has saved the lives of
thousands of infants. To any mother sending
her address, and mentioning this paper, we will
send samples and description of Nestle's Food.
Thos. Looming & Co., Sole Agts., 29 Murray St., N. Y.

Nestle's MILK FOOD

**GAS. ELECTRIC
& COMBINATION
FIXTURES**
BENNETT & WRIGHT
72 QUEEN ST. EAST
TORONTO.

HOUSEHOLD SAVINGS BANK



IN CONNECTION WITH

The Traders' Bank of Canada

COR. YONGE AND COLBORNE STREETS

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL - \$1,000,000,
PAID-UP CAPITAL - 600,000.

DIRECTORS:

Mr. ALEXANDER MANNING, Toronto, President
Mr. WILLIAM BELL, Guelph, Vice-President.
Mr. R. THOMSON, Hamilton.
Mr. S. F. McKINNON, Toronto.
Mr. A. A. ALLAN, Toronto.

H. S. STRATHY,
General Manager,

ÆMILIUS JARVIS,
Inspector.

A new, attractive and most convenient Savings Bank System
will be opened by The Traders' Bank of Canada, that handsome
building situated on the corner of Yonge and Colborne Streets, in
the very heart of Toronto, and easily accessible by all street car lines.

On application to us upon the form attached, we will supply you with a Household Savings
Bank, sending same to your residence or place of business, free of charge, a handsome Nickel
Plated Iron Model of our Building, 9 x 8 x 5 inches, and containing four compartments, each
entered by an opening or slot for the reception of savings. Over each slot will be a place into
which may be inserted the name of the depositor. The Bank is protected by one lock, the
key of which remains in our possession. Our intention is to send an officer to the houses of
applicants to collect and count the deposits (once a month at residences but oftener at stores),
entering the same in pass-books held by the depositor, and upon the Bank memorandum book
which he will carry with him. Of course it is not necessary that all deposits should be made
in the Household Bank. If more convenient our patrons can deposit direct at our main office.
Interest will be allowed at the rate of four per cent. per annum, dating from the first of the
month following the date of collection.

By this simple system you will see that a Bank is brought right within your very doors,
and the seeds of thrift and economy sown among your children and household. Much sur-
prise will be expressed at the rapidity with which small sums saved daily accumulate, and
thousands of dollars find their way into the Bank, which would otherwise be misspent. The
present Savings Banks of the country are quite inadequate to meet the requirements of small
depositors. None receive a smaller sum than one dollar, and if they did, few persons would
care to face a teller with a ten or twenty-five cent deposit; besides which, they have to be
visited at fixed hours, involving a loss of time, often representing more money than that to be
deposited. By our system these difficulties are overcome, as no time is lost and no sum is too
small to be deposited.

THOSE TO WHOM THE SYSTEM WILL BE OF SERVICE

The Retail Merchant, Clerk, Mechanic or Artisan.

Confidence in one's self is the keystone to success.

To have this confidence in business matters, one must first have some capital. How to
get this capital is the rub. It can be done, and quickly too. How? By saving small sums
daily and the exercise of a little self-denial. The result will be marvellous; you will soon
accumulate a snug little sum.

TO PARENTS—The presence of the Bank in your house will instil into your children at
an early age the principles of thrift and economy. At the same time, it will educate to
and familiarize them with business principles and practices.

TO THE HOUSEWIFE.—Your husband allows you a stated sum per month to pay
the household expenses. Now arrange that he pays you this sum about the time our collecting
officer makes his monthly visit. Deposit the bulk of your allowance, keeping only enough
cash for incidentals, and obtain from our officer a book of cheques. Pay all your tradesmen
by these cheques, made payable to order. You will thus save the annoyance of keeping
receipts, as the endorsement of the person to whom you wish the money paid is sufficient
receipt, and payment can always be proved by the Bank.

TO DOMESTIC SERVANTS.—You cannot work always. Remember, you receive
part of your wages in board. Of the balance—\$6, \$8 or \$10, as the case may be—you should
save at least one-half. Put this into the Household Savings Bank. Your master or your mis-
tress will think all the more of you, if you ask for an unused compartment; for, if you are
saving in your own matters, you will be saving in theirs. If there is no compartment unused,
ask some friends to join you and apply direct to us for a separate Bank.

TO PERSONS CARRYING LIFE INSURANCE OR HAVING TO PAY RENT.
—Instead of being "hard up," and having to finance to meet your insurance premiums or rent,
drop 25 cents a day into the Bank. The money will not be missed, and in this way your
liabilities will take care of themselves.

TO ALL OTHERS.—There is no branch of the community to which our Household
Savings Bank will not be of use, or any home where the habit of saving encouraged will not
be of some benefit.

Do not delay sending in your order, as it will take at least ten days after its receipt
before we can make delivery, this time being necessary to arrange our routes, etc.

Cut this out, sign and forward to the Savings Bank Department.

FORM OF APPLICATION.

TORONTO,.....189
TO THE SAVINGS BANK DEPARTMENT,
THE TRADERS' BANK OF CANADA,
TORONTO.

Please supply to my (state residence or store).....No.....

.....Street.....Ward,
one of your HOUSEHOLD SAVINGS BANKS, for the care of which I agree to become responsible

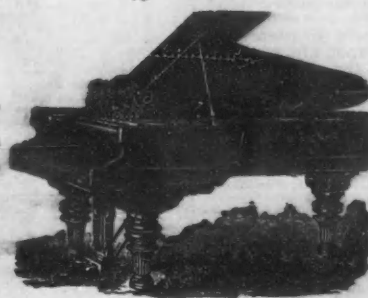
HEINTZMAN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

PIANOFORTES

GRAND SQUARE UPRIGHT

Their thirty-six years'
record the best guarantee
of the excellence of their
instruments.



Our written guarantee
for five years accompanies
each Piano.

SEND FOR OUR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE

Warerooms: - - - 89 King Street West, Toronto

BUY THE



Celebrated Lehigh Valley
COAL

ONTARIO COAL CO.

GENERAL OFFICE: Esplanade, Foot of Church Street.
BRANCH OFFICES: 728 Yonge Street, 10 King Street East, Queen
Street West and Subway, Corner Bathurst Street and C. P. R.'s

ICE ICE

We have a very fine stock of Lake Simcoe and Pure
Spring Water Ice, which we guarantee to deliver to all
parts of the city at lowest rates.

Grenadier Ice Co.

(R. A. SCARLETT, Manager).
Office 47 Scott Street, cor. Colborne Street
Telephone 2675.

This Young Man's Occupation is Gone



And our machines are now cleaning the costly carpets and
fine rugs for the ladies of Toronto.

SPECIAL.—We would like the ladies to give us a call and
see how the work is done. Our business is strictly carpet
cleaning, sitting, laying, etc., so that we give our whole
time and attention to the work. Open all the year. Capa-
city 5,000 yards daily. Grease spots removed when ordered
to do so only. Orders called for and returned to any part
of the city. We have a special moth-proof room for stor-
ing carpets. Parties going to the country may leave them
with us until their return. Send for price list. We have
in stock Mealey's Mch-proof Carpet Lining and Excelsior
Hair Fads.

Orders taken at 170 King Street West, 259½ Yonge Street,
373 Spadina Avenue, 432 Queen Street West, 1413 Queen
Street West, Parkdale.

The Toronto Carpet Cleaning Works

Head Office 44 Lombard Street. Telephone 2686.
A. S. PFEIFFER & ROUGH BROS., Props.



61 King Street East, opposite Toronto Street

H.S. Morison & Co.

216 and 218 Yonge Street

THE BOATING SEASON commenced and everybody indulging in this
fashionable sport has to provide for suitable garments. We are showing
a splendid assortment of

BOATING JACKETS
TENNIS JACKETS and
OUTING BLAZERS

at popular prices. We also carry a well assorted stock of the most
elegant Boating Flannel, and we are making Blouses and Jackets to
order at short notice and very moderate prices.

OUR DRESSMAKING DEPARTMENT

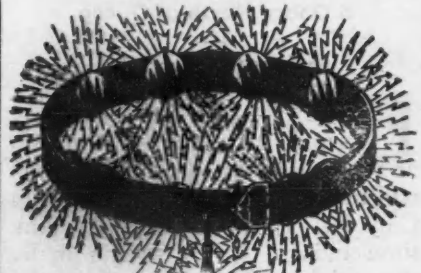
under the able supervision of MISS FLEMMING, is especially recom-
mended to the patronage of the public. Our prices are moderate, and we
guarantee every garment.

H. S. MORISON & CO.
216 and 218 Yonge Street

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT

AND APPLIANCE CO.

Head Office - Chicago, Ill.
Incorporated June 17, 1887, with a Cash
Capital of \$50,000



71 King Street West, Toronto, Ont.

G. C. PATTERSON, Manager for Canada
Dr. A. Owen, after years of experiment and study, has
given to the world an Electric Belt that has no equal in
this or any other country. Fully covered by patents.

It is found wherever man is found, and it does not respect
age, sex, color, rank or occupation.
Medical science has utterly failed to afford relief in
rheumatic cases. Although electricity has only been in
use as a remedial agent for a few years, it has cured more
cases of Rheumatism than all other means combined.
Our treatment is a mild, continuous galvanic current, as
generated by the Owen Electric Body Battery, which may
be applied directly to the affected parts.

The Owen Electric Belt is par excellence the woman's
friend, for its action is equal as a preventive and curative
for the many troubles peculiar to her sex. It is nature's
cure.

The following are among the diseases cured by the use
of THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELTS:
Disease of the Chest
Spermatorrhoea
Impotency
Sexual Exhaustion
Paralysis
Spinal Diseases
Nervous Complaints
Liver Diseases
Kidney Diseases
General Debility
Female Complaints

CHALLENGE
We challenge the world to show an Electric Belt where
the current is under the control of the patient as com-
pletely as this. We can use the same belt on an infant
that we use on a giant by simply reducing the number of
cells. The ordinary belts are not so.

WE ALWAYS LEAD AND NEVER FOLLOW
Other belts have been in the market for five and ten
years longer, but to-day there are more Owen Belts manu-
factured and sold than all other makes combined. The
people want the best.

All persons desiring information regarding the cure of
ACUTE, CHRONIC and NERVOUS DISEASES please in-
close SIX (6) CENTS and write for Illustrated Catalogue.

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